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Davies, William W.

Transfusion

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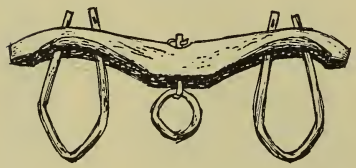

MEMORIAL

the Class of 1901

founded by
HARLAN HOYT HORNER
and
HENRIETTA CALHOUN HORNER

TRANSFUSION

By

W. W. DAVIES

Louisville, Apr. 26.

Dear Dr. McVey:

The unfolding of history seems to make it fitting that a "Jack Armstrong," who is the son of a Confederate soldier, should express his conception of the greatest American.

Respectfully

W. W. D.

TRANSFUSION

By

W. W. DAVIES

JOHN P. MORTON & COMPANY
Incorporated
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1923

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TRANSFUSION

Scene I.

BOYHOOD

A boy, about seven years old, in a Kentucky log cabin in 1816. He is seated by the fire, straining his eyes and body in pouring over a blue-back book. The scene is one of primitive poverty and hardship. The boy's mother, a delicate woman possessed of the face and bearing of a mystic and showing traces of fineness not entirely associated with the wilderness and settlements, spins at her wheel in the shadows. The only light is that from the fire in the crude fireplace. The mother quits her spinning, and coming to the hearth, bends over the boy. He looks up smiling. She touches him lovingly on the head and starts to mend the fire. The boy springs up and, mending the fire himself, gently forces her to a seat on a rude stool by the hearth. The wind blows and a winter's rain beats against the low roof of the cabin. The woman draws her thin, faded wrap close about her and comes a little nearer the fire. The boy bends again over his book and haltingly reads aloud.

Boy: "The - man - then - (p-e-l, pel, there's your *pel;* t-e-d, ted, there's your *ted*) *pelted* - the - bad - boy - with - stones - and - the - boy - soon - came - down - from - the - tree - and - the - man - then - said - if - you - would - not - come - down - by - kind - words - and - by - soft - turf - that - I - threw - at - you - I - was - sure - that - stones - would - bring - you - down." Mother, I be minded that the man who writ this book - a Mister (W-e-b, web, there's your *web;* s-t-e-r, ster, there's your *ster*) *Webster,* was a wise man about handlin' boys.

Mother: He writ a fine blue-back book, an' it brings good learnin' to these settlements. But, Abe, we be far from the places where they make books, an' more is the reason why we should read an' live by the word of the Holy Book, here on the fire-shelf *(taking her Bible from the rude shelf),* while we wait an' we seek for the comin' of more books an' more learnin'. There be many books in old Virginia, where Thomas, your father, an' many of my own kin come from, but great mountains an' many miles lie between Kentuck' an' that land. Some of my kin an' the Lincoln kin are people of books, an', if we bide in these parts till next spring, they are comin' along the Daniel Boone trace to these clearin's an' bring me a book called The Pilgrim's Progress an' one called Robinson

Crusoe. I am hopin' too that they'll bring a book teachin' 'rithmetic so that I may start you on the long road to the "rule-of-three." Abe, that's a road longer an' rockier than the Wilderness Road. But, my son *(again gently touching his head)*, if God spares me, I'll go along the "rule-of-three" road with you. It won't do to go too fast about books. There's such a thing as gettin' beyond the point of understandin', an' then a weariness of the flesh sets in. The blessed Bible an' your blue-back Webster must do for us now. But there's another book that Parson Wilkins took from his saddlebags on his last circuit an' gave to me for you when you grow into a man.

Boy: Mother! another book? Where is it? May I see it? I promise! I promise! not to touch it till I grow into a man. You show it to me an' hide it away again. Is it in this cabin?

Mother: Yes, Abe, it's a little book with only about ten pages, an' I keep it right here in the back of the Scriptures *(indicating)*. It is called *(displaying the pamphlet)* "The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America," an' the name of Thomas Jefferson is on the cover. It must be a true book, for a Lincoln, one of your father's blood, went with Light-Horse Lee to Yorktown, an' a Hanks, one of my blood, went with Shelby to King's Mountain to fight to make it true.

Boy: Mother! Mother! I keep my promise—I won't touch the little book now—you just read me some of it—some of the first part—won't you? I'll wait for the rest till I'm a man.

Mother: Hold up a pine knot, Abe, an' give me a light an' I'll be readin' a few lines. But I shall pray that your young brains won't addle over what a great man wrote an' brave men died for.

Boy: There, Mother, this is the fattest pine knot on Nolin Creek *(holding up a torch from the fireplace)*.

Mother: The little book says this: "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain un--un--una--unali-*unalienable* rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." There, boy! That's enough, or you won't sleep for the big words an' ideas in your head.

Boy: There's an awful, mighty, big, long word in there that Mr. Thomas Jefferson writ, Mother, an' I am thinkin' maybe I might spell an' line it out, like Mr. Zachariah Riney teaches, if you'll speak it again.

Mother: Un-a-li-en-a-ble, *unalienable.* Now, son, make your try, like Mr. Riney teaches you, an' spell *unalienable.*

Boy: Here goes *(setting himself for the effort)*: u-n, un, there's your *un;* a, there's your *a;* un-a; l-i, li, there's your *li;* un-a-li; e-n, en, there's your *en;* un-a-li-en; a, there's your *a;* un-a-li-en-a; b-u-double l, bull, there's your *bull; un-a-li-en-a-bull!* Well, Mother, in the wind-up part, what's this big word got to do with *bull* an' what has *bull* got to do with it? Did Mr. Thomas Jefferson raise cattle, an' did that Lincoln who fought at

Yorktown an' that Hanks who fought at King's Mountain do their fightin' to keep somebody from stealin' these cattle an' robbin' him of his *bull?*

Mother: No, my son, the word means—means—means—it means holy and sacred. Now, boy, draw your pallet close to the fire an' get ready to rest your addled brains. I must wait up 'gainst your father's comin' home in the freezin' rain from the buildin' of his flatboat below Elizabethtown on Rollin' Fork. I must have the fire burnin' and somethin' boilin' for him in the pot. You know, Abe, when the sun comes up in the mornin', out yonder toward the Virginia land where we come from, your father sits in the shade an' is mighty silent, but, when the great red, burning ball sinks down in the west toward the lands where the prairies are an' the buffaloes run an' all creation stretches! stretches! stretches! farther on, he is a changed man, an' we are like to have to hold him lest he move on toward the goin'-down place of the sun. So, Abe, when the spring floods come, your father is aimin' to load us in his flatboat an' make down Rollin' Fork to the Ohio, an' down that big river to a stream that we can climb toward the prairie lands and the great West. Your father be mighty busy with the makin' of that boat now.

Boy: Mr. Riney told me 'bout what Father be plannin' an' doin', an' he said that a rollin' stone gathers no moss. I wonder what he meant! Ought a stone to gather moss? Don't they have moss out there toward the prairies, or do the buffaloes eat it all up? An', Mother, the sun, as it goes down, has a mighty drawin' power for me too, just like it did for our kin, old Daniel Boone. Mr. Riney and Parson Wilkins say that Boone has gone on an' on till he has crossed all the prairies, an' he now camps and hunts in a lonely land not far from rivers that run down into a great sea that few men have ever seen. I be minded that Boone's Wilderness Road does not end in Kentuck'. Why should any road end, if there is somethin' beyond? A big enough stone, covered with enough moss an' lyin' across a road, makes a blind road.

Mother: But, Abe, it's your bed an' the restin' of your brains in sleep that I'm thinkin' of. So, boy, put your pallet down here close to the fire an' I'll sit and card some wool an' wait the comin' of your wet an' frozen father from Rollin' Fork.

The boy draws his wretched pallet near the hearth. He puts his arms around his mother and kisses her. Then he kneels down at her knee in silent prayer, while her hand rests gently upon his head. He throws himself down to sleep, and his mother puts a great, warm skin over him. This is the only warm-looking thing in the cabin.

Boy: No! no! Mother, I'm like to melt with this big skin over me. It's for you, Mother, for you!

Mother: Abe, do as I bid you! I'm up an' about till your father comes an' the skin would hamper me. To sleep, boy!

Boy (half rising on his bed): Mother, will the kin from Virginia

get here in the spring with those books about the Pilgrim an' Crusoe an' the 'rithmetic before we rollin' stones roll down Rollin' Fork to the rollin' Ohio on our way to the rollin' prairies?

Mother: I'm prayin' so, Abe, but you!—go!—to!—sleep!

Boy (drowsily): I don't see yet what *bull* was doin' in that big word—I don't see—but maybe—maybe the Virginia kin can get the Pilgrim an' Crusoe—yes, get them to figure it out plain by the 'rithmetic how it is that all prairies—yes, prairies—are created equal, an' Father an' Mother an' little Abe can roll an' drift—an' drift—an'——

The boy is asleep. The mother mends the fire and draws her thin shawl closer and sits wearily carding wool by the side of the fireplace. She is seated on a low stool. The wintry wind and freezing rain almost shake the cabin. The mother is tired and bravely tries to bear up. At last she leans over upon a rude chest near her and falls asleep. All is quiet and silent. Suddenly everything is dark. Then quickly a mystic panel or door in the wall opens, and there is visible, in a strange brilliance, this group-figure: The head of a bull full-faced; three luminous books between the horns, The Pilgrim's Progress, Robinson Crusoe, and the Arithmetic; the Pilgrim and Crusoe, on either side of the bull's head, each grasping a horn; and the Virginia kin, a gentleman and a lady of quality, standing on either side just behind the other two, by gestures, presenting the group-figure. The group-figure is immovable, silent, mystic. A half-light is in the rest of the cabin. There lies the slumbering boy (by means of an identical figure) in the same position on the pallet, yet this boy ABE, *at the same time, is standing erect and then slowly and silently advancing toward the place of the group-figure. The figures in the group, constituting the vision, do not move or speak, nor does the advancing boy speak. The floor of the cabin creaks as he walks. He reaches the vision-group and takes the three luminous books on the bull's head and presses them to his breast. He hastens to the firelight and opens one of the books in wonderment and joy. Then complete darkness comes. The light usual to the cabin returns. All signs of the vision have gone. The boy (the only boy now upon the scene) is sitting up on his pallet, bewildered and dazed and rubbing his eyes. He looks about and sees his mother asleep against the chest. He moves silently and swiftly, and, taking the warm skin-robe that covers his bed, he softly places it around his sleeping mother.*

Scene II.

YOUTH

Denton Offutt's *store at New Salem, Illinois. It is the usual country store of that period. There are the central stove, the boxes of goods, the rude shelves, the rickety counter, and all the adjuncts of a place where the talking, discussing, debating, nation-regulating frontiersmen gathered in casual, social life.* Offutt *himself, on this occasion, is "keepin' store," and a group of the usual sort is assembled around his stove. The day is cold and the stove is burning brightly.* Calhoun, *the surveyor;* Menton Graham, *the schoolteacher;* Jack Armstrong, *the leader of the Clary's Grove Boys;* Dennis Hanks; *and many others are present. Following the usual course, the meeting falls into serious, and then comic, discussions that are more or less general.* Offutt, *the owner of the store, is behind the counter leaning his elbows on the top and bending over with his chin in his hands. The rest of the crowd move about and most of them find seats on empty boxes and on stools.* Jack Armstrong *speaks to* Offutt.

Armstrong: Denton, where be Abe now?

Offutt: Why, Abe he's a queer critter. He's got his foot in his hand an' gone four miles up through the timber an' out on the prairie to give back a sixpence that he overcharged a woman yesterday for a cut of calico. He's the same everlastin', honest Abe. He'll be back directly.

Armstrong: Abe's all right through an' through from side to side and from top to bottom.

Hanks: Yes, Abe's all right, but—

Armstrong: But? But what?

Hanks: No harm meant, Jack. I'm Abe's kin an' we all love him an' trust him no end. I was goin' to say that Abe is just like the rest of us, an' yet he ain't. He works his head an' makes odd ideas out of 'most everything that crosses his path. You can't tell where he's goin' to land with some wild idea of his when he gets to goin'.

Armstrong: What you mean, Hanks, 'bout Abe havin' wild ideas? Look out, man, no scand'lous tongue-waggin' 'bout Abe is 'lowed in the presence of this here Jack Armstrong! I promised my God and myself, that time I tried to bully Abe an' he an' I come to grips and fit it out an' Abe played fair from start to finish an' licked me good, that, come night or day, rain or shine, hot or cold, heaven or hell, I would be the eternal an' everlastin' champeen of Abraham Lincoln.

Hanks: Lord bless you, Jack Armstrong! We all knows how an' why Abe licked you an' we love Abe an', we might say, we kinder likes you for lovin' Abe as you do. I be the last man on the top side of this earth to

scandalize Abe. He is my kin by the mother that brought him out of Kentuck'. What I mean is that Abe has a strange mind that hankers an' hankers after somethin' in everything that you an' the rest of us don't see or understand. When he gets a little peep at a bit of learnin', he goes after more an' mulls an' mulls an' digs an' digs an' never, never, lets up on that thing till he rolls it over an' over an' gathers it into himself an' makes it a part of his bone an' body an' brain. Last winter, when Menton Graham, here, lent him a book called—called—Esau's Fables—

Graham: You mean Æsop's Fables.

Hanks: Yes, Æsop's Fables—when he lent him Æsop's Fables, all about foxes an' lions an' jackasses, Abe kept that book by him nigh onto all the time, an' memorized it an' spoke pieces from it an' acted the parts of the animals in it. First he was a fox an' then he was a lion an' then he was—

Armstrong: Look out, Hanks! don't carry them comparisons no further.

Hanks: Go on! go on! Armstrong, I mean no harm. I was only goin' to tell about how he kept the Æsop's Fables by him night an' day an' argued an' proved his points by what the wise animals an' the silly animals said an' did. Whatever was goin' on, that Abe had anything to do with, he took hold of it with some trick of the fox or speech of the lion or fool caper of the jackass. For nigh onto a month he was fable-crazy. I thought we'd never hear the last of it.

Calhoun: Hanks is about right. Once, when Abe was helpin' me in a survey through the timber, we come upon a big oak with a hollow in it. Abe, at that time, was carryin' around with him some sort of a history book of the United States an' readin' it between times. He walked up to the oak tree an' said: "Mr. Calhoun, this big tree is like the Charter Oak that I am readin' about here in this history. That oak was a thousand years old when the New Englanders hid their charter of freedom in it away from the eyes an' hands of the King's agent, an' always an' forever, Mr. Calhoun, we must secure human rights by placin' them safely away from unrighteous power in oaken principles of truth an' justice that are far more than a thousand years old." Yes, those were fine words from Abe, an' they showed that his book worked on his brain until everything he touched had a meanin' or a leanin' toward wisdom. Well, we made this big oak a corner. I took the compass an' glass an' Abe toted the chain. I sang out—just to please an' rally Abe—: "We'll make the Charter Oak the corner an' run the line of *freedom* from there to the Gulf of Mexico!" Abe looked that *strange* at me an' said: "I thought you were a surveyor—I didn't know you were a prophet."

Armstrong: An' that ain't all. Abe's got lots of fun in him—you bet he has! He laughs at all these things arter they are over until his long bones shake an' rattle. An' we all be bound to laugh with Abe. In him a

wise brain sets easy on a warm heart. An' yet, boys, there come times when a shadow settles down upon him, that Parson Elkin says he got in his blood from his own mother.

Calhoun: Here's somethin' else that I caught Abe doin'. Last winter a big snow lay on the ground. At that particular time he was livin' his life glued to old Weems' Life of George Washington. He read it up one side an' down another an' talked about George Washington in season an' out of season. The snow on the ground set him to talkin', world without end, about Valley Forge an' the thin line of frozen Continental soldiers that stood by an' stuck to the cause amid rags an' tatters an' starvation. Abe had Washington on the brain in general an' Valley Forge in particular. He carried Weems' book under his arm, an', if he stopped for a minute, he lost himself in it. He went off in the snow up through the big woods an' thickets by MacKee's creek. I followed him just for curiosity. He was deep in the bush when he buttoned his coat about him an' sat down on a log an' opened his Weems. There he sat an' read. I watched him for a long time. After a while, guess what happened? He kept the book open an' read it as he walked down behind some bushes near to the bank of the creek. I came up soft an' easy like, an' Abe was standin' there with the book open at the big picture of Washington down on his knees in the snow by the creek at Valley Forge. Then—quick as a flash!—Abe fell on his knees in the snow in front of a fallen saplin' an' stayed that way just for one minute. Then he was up an' gone an' never knew that I was near. I said to myself that Abe was not only lookin' at an' readin' his pictures an' pages, but he was actin' them in the snow.

Graham: Yes, I once told Abe that I had a lot of books that I was trying to get some of the settlers to bring out to me, and one of them was a translation of a story of an old Greek who marched with his ten thousand from the middle of Asia through millions of Persians until the narrow sea surrounding their own home lay shining before his men. Abe said: "I don't know anything about those old Greek fellows, but that they were barbarians and invaders fighting other barbarians for the sake of invading and conquering and fighting. None of them did what old George Rogers Clark did, when he mustered four hundred Kentuckians at the Falls of the Ohio in our great Revolution, and, marching vast distances through floods and ice, struck Hamilton at Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and, routing his great army of British and Indians, made a Yorktown possible and American liberty safe." Abe always looks down under a fight to see what it's about and how it results for something big and good. It's the thing that the fight's about that moves Abe.

Hanks: I've heard Abe go on powerful 'bout that Vincennes an' Kaskaskia business. There were two Lincolns from Virginia an' one Hanks from Carolina in that thing. Clark an' his four hundred passed not so mighty far from this place when they went to Kaskaskia.

Armstrong: If it hadn't been for the Clary's Grove Boys lettin' Abe into their gang, I guess they'd all now be horse thieves an' vagabonds. They are a rough set yet, an' Abe is the only connection between them an' the plan of salvation. But, into all their pranks, Abe manages to send somethin' that holds 'em down an' makes 'em halfway decent. Did you fellers ever try to git the last word on Abe an' fix the joke on him? Well, you just can't do it. The boys at Clary's Grove have tried that, an' what they can't do you can't do. Abe's been crazy of late about Patrick Henry an' his speech on "give me liberty or give me death," an' all that sort of thing. Menton Graham here lent him a little black book about Patrick Henry, an' that set him to goin'. The other day Abe an' I was goin' along by a cabin, an' some guinea fowls was around the door, an' they began to squall: "Patrick! Patrick! Patrick!" an' Abe stopped an' took the little black book out of his shirt an' said: "Listen there, Jack, the fowls of the air is joinin' me in this craze for the glorious man who said 'give me liberty or give me death'—Patrick! Patrick! Patrick Henry." Yes, Abe's got Patrick Henry on the brain, an' he'll stay there till some other big man who helped to make this great country takes his place in Abe's noggin an' runs along to the end of his spell. Why, if Abe was to pop into this gatherin' right now, he'd twist an' turn us all 'round to Patrick Henry—sho as preachin'!

Offutt: Abe'll be back here shortly. Why don't you boys fix up an' start a pig-tight, horse-high an' bull-strong argument or debate, an' have it in full swing when he comes, on some fool thing away off from Patrick Henry or anything about Patrick Henry, an' stick to this fool thing an' hammer it hard an' never let up while Abe sits around helpless an' watches an' waits an' listens an' wets his lips for some sort of openin' to run in his Patrick Henry? There's a good joke on Abe ready an' waitin' for all you boys right now. I believe to my soul, if you start right in an' keep it up, you'll nail Abe down in disappointment an' silence or you'll make him choke himself by talkin' about this fool thing an' findin' it impossible to run his Patrick Henry over us. Can we do it?

Calhoun: I believe we can. I move that this meetin' resolve itself into a debatin' society; that schoolmaster Menton Graham take the chair; that a lively debate start forthwith upon some fool topic selected by a committee appointed by the chair; that we carry out the scheme that Denton Offutt names; an' get at it quick an' have the whole thing in full swing when Abe comes in.

Armstrong: I seconds the motion. But, men, let me tell you, we'll have a hard time selectin' a subject an' carryin' on a debate so as to shut Abe off from gettin' the upper hand somehow or other an' runnin' in the thing that's settin' hardest on his brain right now. If we goes at it hard an' keeps it up, we may throw Abe down just this once—but I doubts it! In order to make the scheme pig-tight, horse-high an' bull-strong, I amends

the motion to the effect that the chair notifies Abe when he comes in that the subject of debate is just so-an'-so an' nobody is 'lowed to change it or wander away from it or do anything but stick to it. If we do this, we may succeed—but I doubts it!

Hanks: I puts the motion an' the amendment an' calls for the vote. All in favor say *yes.*

Chorus: Yes! yes! yes! yes!

Hanks: Opposed, *no (silence).* The motion is carried an' schoolteacher Menton Graham will take the chair an' carry out instructions.

MENTON GRAHAM, *amused and pleased with the plan and its opportunities for backwoods fun and a situation to test young* ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S *resourcefulness, takes the chair and assumes all of its power, authority and dignity.*

Graham: In obedience to the resolutions, I call this debating society to order and appoint a committee of three, consisting of Mr. Ike Dixon, Mr. Andy Scott and Mr. Hank Cutler, to retire at once and select, without a moment's delay—for Abe will be coming soon—the subject of discussion. Gentlemen, retire.

The three committeemen go out to confer and select the topic.

Offutt: Mr. Chairman, while the committee is out, I move that you make Ebenezer Hicks a committee of one to go outside an' act as a sort of picket an' keep a sort of look-out for Abe an' give us warnin' if he comes nigh.

Graham: Without objections, Ebenezer Hicks is appointed, and he will take his post and assume his duties.

HICKS *goes out and closes the door.*

Graham: The proprietor of this establishment, if there is no objection, will kindly get some wood and mend the fire in the stove, and, while he is at this, he will be so kind as to request the committee to report upon the topic at once.

Offutt (on the outside): Hurry up, gentlemen of the committee, an' make your report on the question for discussion.

OFFUTT *returns with an armful of wood, followed by the committee.*

Dixon (of the committee): Mr. Chairman, bein' as how Jack Armstrong's horse was beset with horse-colic last night, an' horse-colic is surely a fool thing for a debatin' society to arguify about, an' bein' as how Jack's horse havin' horse-colic put this fool notion in your honorable committee's head, an' furthermore, bein' as how horse-colic ain't got no possible connection with Patrick Henry or anything concernin' him, we, the committee, do hereby an' now report horse-colic as the subject of this debate.

Graham: The report of the committee is received and filed, and the discussion upon horse-colic, and *horse-colic alone,* will now begin. There may be those who favor the institution of horse-colic and those who

oppose it. Let us hear the pros and cons. But, gentlemen, it is agreed and understood that, in all that is said and done, a complete barrier is to be maintained, when Abe Lincoln comes in, against his everlasing Patrick Henry. Let us hear first from Zack Caverly, known to us all as Socrates. Mr. Caverly, gentlemen!

Caverly: Mr. Chairman, I views horse-colic as one of the unpreliminary fogitations of our intellectual jurisdictions, an' it is crowned with the gild of nature, stamped with indelible ink, an' is not to be shaken by the complixions of elementary. It sho be a thing of which any horse may well be proud. It comes an' it goes an' sometimes it carries the horse with it. It is to be hoped that, when it thus goes an' carries a good an' faithful horse with it, blue-grass meadows of a celestial Kentuck' are the bourne from which no colicky horse ever returns to tell us the way. My motto is horse-colic forever, *e pluribus unum*, and the devil take the hindmost! I love Abe, as we all do, but, Mr. Chairman, we sho have him circumlocuted on his Patrick Henry by this topic of horse-colic.

Armstrong: Mr. Chairman, my motto is Abe Lincoln now an' forever, world without end—amen! But I'm in on the joke, an' if we bag Abe, I'll be as happy as the next one. The Good Book says, or one of Abe's fables from that book about the foxes an' the lions an' the jackasses says: "Let him boast who taketh off his armor and not him who buckeleth it on." Don't let's be too certain about catchin' Abe. But I must discuss horse-colic. I begin by sayin' I'm ag'in' it as a national, state, county, town or domestic institution. It's unconstitutional—

Hicks (the sentinel, entering in a hurry): Abe's comin', boys, but he's slowin' up just a bit as he passes Rutledge's mill, an' if Anne, with her blue eyes an' yaller hair, don't happen to be aroun' the mill, he'll be here afore you can say horse-colic three times more. Look out! *(peering out of the door)* the girl wasn't there, so Abe is right upon us.

Abe (entering and carrying a barrel of flour): Well! well! good people, I greet you all. I'm glad to see you.

Graham: Mr. Lincoln, you are happening in upon a debating society in full discussion of a topic that is vital to all farmers and owners of horse-flesh. We are discussing horse-colic—yes sir,—*horse-colic!* We have formally resolved to stick to that topic and stray away into no other. If you join in the debate—and appreciating your eloquence and powers, we wish you to do so—it is upon the condition that your observations—all of them—shall be those strictly concerning the subject.

Abe: Gentlemen of the Sangamon, neighbors and friends, I beg of you that you allow me to be seated among you as a modest listener and observer, while your wit and wisdom join in unfolding the hidden mysteries of ancient and honorable horse-colic.

Chorus: No! no! Abe, go on! go on!

Abe: Then, friends, Romans, countrymen, you *will* have it so.

This subject divides itself into two headings. The first is *horse* and the second is *colic*. The horse is a noble animal. Old Job said: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle from afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Chorus (amid great applause): Go on, Abe! go on! that's the way to line it out.

Abe: There is no wonder that a great king cried: "A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

Chorus (with applause): Go on! go on! Abe!

Abe: Have I put the horse before the cart in thus discoursing upon the horse before discussing the painful subject of colic? What, then, is colic? What is horse-colic?

Chorus: What is it, Abe?

Abe: Shall I define horse-colic for you, Mr. Chairman? Do you give me permission?

Graham: Proceed, Mr. Lincoln.

Abe: Well, sir, if I be not mistaken, horse-colic is a gust of wind on the inside of a horse crying: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Armstrong (amid an uproar of laughter and applause): There you be, boys, I told you so. I told you Abe would win. He played fair and he won fair. He played fair an' licked me at Clary's Grove an' he played fair an' licked us all in the Patrick Henry game at Offutt's store.

The meeting spontaneously adjourns amid felicitations to ABE *and with him and all others in a state of good-humored merriment.*

Scene III.

LOVE

The scene is Offutt's *store at nightfall.* Lincoln *is upon the counter with bales and boxes of goods forming a back-rest for him. He is alone in the store. A big, old-fashioned candle mounted on a box near his head gives him light. He is reading the book on Patrick Henry that* Menton Graham *lent him. Close at hand are copies of Blackstone's Commentaries and Euclid's Elements of Geometry.* Lincoln *is absorbed in his books. The door opens and* Anne Rutledge *comes in with a basket on her arm. She is young and very beautiful. Her eyes are as blue as the sky and her waving hair as golden-yellow as the ripe wheat on the prairie.* Lincoln *is so buried in his book that he does not hear the door open or the footfalls of the girl.*

Anne: Good evening, Mr. Lincoln, and I hope you are well.

Lincoln (literally crashing down from his perch on the counter): Great horn spoon! Miss Anne, and I am well and I'm hoping that you are the same and, in addition, a pluperfect multiplication of perfection in well-being. I'm glad you've come to Offutt's store, and I'm waiting to serve you to anything and all things—*(aside)* Abe Lincoln included—in it.

Anne: Thank you, Mr. Lincoln, but my father sent me from the mill about the flour that you brought up here on your shoulder to the store last Saturday evening. He wants you or Mr. Offutt to give him credit on the books. Will you make a note of it and see that the credit is given?

Lincoln: Miss Anne, I'll write it down—how much, four dollars? —right here on the flyleaf of my book *(making the note).*

Anne: Mr. Lincoln, I saw you at the meeting house last Sunday listening to Parson Peter Cartwright's sermon about the Garden of Eden and the fall of Adam and Eve.

Lincoln: Yes, Miss Anne, I was there, and I had it out with Parson Cartwright next day down here at the store.

Anne: Ah, Mr. Lincoln, did you *argue* with a preacher of the Gospel?

Lincoln: Yes, I told him that, according to my way of thinking, some of old King James' translators must have got it wrong in that story of Adam and Eve. I told him that the story in Holy Writ began all right and ran along the same way to a certain point, and then it didn't seem to give the facts, as I like to think they were, concerning the first man and woman who sent their red blood through our race. You know the story goes, according to Parson Cartwright, that the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man that he had formed. God commanded Adam that he should not eat of the tree of knowledge of good

and evil. Then, after this command, Eve was created. The serpent tempted the woman and she did eat of the forbidden tree and did tempt Adam to eat, and he ate. Then God was angry and asked Adam if he had eaten of the tree and—shame upon Parson Cartwright's Adam!—he said: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." And then God drove both Adam and Eve out of the garden into a world of sorrow and toil and desolation forever.

Anne: But, Mr. Lincoln, that *is* the way that Parson Cartwright's Scriptures read. How else could you have it?

Lincoln: Ah, Miss Anne, I admit that I tremble just a little when I speak to you, even in sacred confidence, and dare to depart from Parson Cartwright's version. There was a sky bending over Eden—a blue sky! —and perhaps there were prairies on which grew golden-yellow wheat—waving golden-yellow wheat! Perhaps Eve's eyes were as blue as the sky and her hair was like the golden wheat on those prairies. When God asked Adam, "Hast thou eaten of the tree?" I like to think that Adam held up his head and felt the blood run in his veins and said, "Yes, I did eat," and breathed not a word about Eve tempting him. And then I like to think, when God punished Adam alone by driving him from the garden into the desert to earn his bread in the sweat of his face, that Adam went in silence. And then, I imagine that God gave all the garden to Eve and called down a Seraphim to be her new husband; that Eve hid herself from the face of the Seraphim; and, when night was upon Eden, she did break the bonds of the garden and go forth seeking Adam. And then, Miss Anne, I love to think that, after days of journeying toward the west!—always with *me* toward the west—she found him and said: "Where *thou* art, there is my garden!" And lastly, Miss Anne, I like to whisper to you that I like to think that God found this man and woman in the desert, and heard their words, and saw them fare forth toward dry and stony lands, and that the Lord God was lonely and sore of heart when he again walked in Eden in the cool of the day.

Anne: I am almost frightened at your words, even though the story that you make is a beautiful—very beautiful one!

Lincoln: Well, Miss Anne, the Good Book is the greatest book in the world, and I have read it more than all the other books that I have been able to borrow, beg, buy or steal.

Anne: Mr. Lincoln, you are a man of books and books about great men who made this country. My father has a book with his own kinsman's name printed in it, where it is shown that this kinsman took part with Mr. Thomas Jefferson in signing the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia. Father talks a great deal about Governor Edward Rutledge of Carolina, who was a signer of the great Declaration and who was our ancestor. Dear old Father's mind wanders back to Carolina, where he spent his youth among his kin who owned thousands of acres and hun-

dreds of slaves and who wore powdered wigs and rode in a coach drawn by four horses wearing silver-mounted harness. Ah, but I love the country out *here* where the blue sky bends down above the golden wheat on the prairies.

Lincoln: Yes, Miss Anne, blue! blue! blue and gold! gold! gold!

Anne: I love the country out here.

Lincoln: And do you love the people out here too, Miss Anne?

Anne: Yes! yes! Mr. Lincoln, with all my frontier-heart.

Lincoln: And Anne—I mean *Miss* Anne—do you love *all* the people out here?

Anne: Yes, I am sure that I do.

Lincoln: I am so glad that Abe Lincoln is out here.

Anne: But Abe—I mean *Mr. Lincoln*—they say that you are going away on a long trip to New Orleans in Denton Offutt's flatboat.

Lincoln: Yes, on a long, long trip down the Sangamon to the Illinois, then to the Mississippi, and then to New Orleans. I am leaving very soon, Anne, and so I want you to let me walk home with you this evening, because I want to say a lot of very deep and earnest things to you before I go. I can't say them here among the groceries and dry goods and kegs of nails and—and—chewing tobacco.

Anne: But Mr. Lin—I mean *Abe*—I know the way home very well. The moon is shining and I have traveled the path a thousand times.

Lincoln: That may be true, Anne. I am not minded that you will send me away to begin my long journey on the great river without hearing me speak of something that's away down in my heart and that makes me love to ring in the blue sky and the waving, golden wheat, because I am thinking, Anne, of your eyes and your hair. If you will, Anne, I want you to say something to me that will gladden my heart so that my eyes may be steady and my hand strong to hold the old boat true to her course and keep her clear of the suction whirls where the Ohio comes into the Mississippi. I want to tell you something, Anne, that all the words of our language cannot express, and, in answer, I want to beg from you just three words that I can carry with me on the voyage to bless me through the long days and bring dreams of paradise to my heart as I lie at night on the banks under the Milky Way.

Anne: Father says that his cavalier kin back in Carolina used to make wonderfully pretty speeches, but I am thinking, Abe—shall I not call you *Abe* always now?—that some sort of a touch of the cavalier is down deep in your backwoods soul.

Lincoln: Never mind about the cavalier—whatever that may be. I may take the long road—the very *longest!*—home with you?

Anne: Yes, Abe.

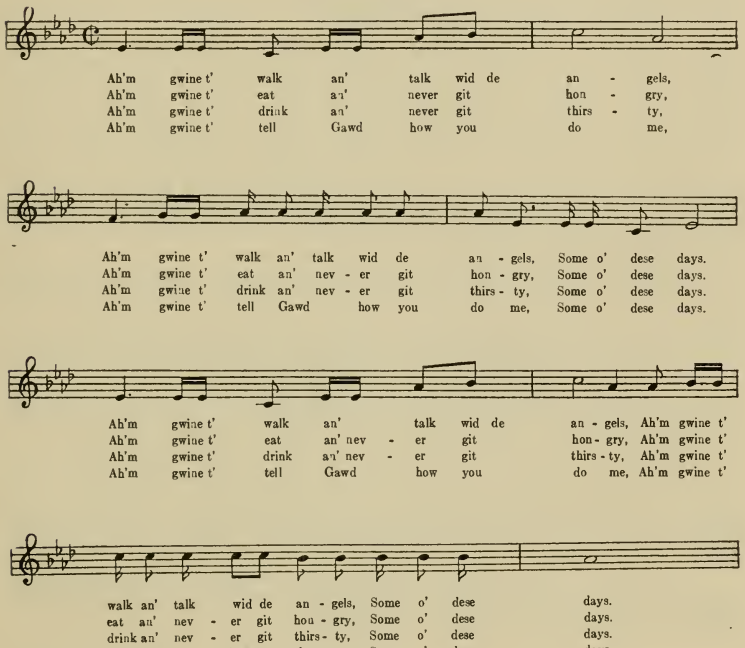
The two go and Lincoln is heard on the outside turning the key in the door.

Scene IV.

THE VOYAGE

LINCOLN *upon his voyage down the Mississippi to New Orleans, in the trading boat of* DENTON OFFUTT, *stops for supplies and repairs at the regal plantation of* MADAME DUCHESNE *in Louisiana. There his loaded flatboat is docked in a small bayou. Beyond the vast acres of fertile river lands, on the crest of a long slope covered with stately trees and beautified with flowering gardens, is seen the typical plantation mansion of the opulent cotton-sugar South. Rows of slave-quarters are seen clustering around the vast grounds and occurring here and there among the trees and gardens. The sun is setting and darkness will soon come. From the fields swells a chorus of slave-voices.*

Slave-Chorus:



LINCOLN *and his two companions* (HANKS *and* JOHNSTON) *are fastening the cable of the boat to a tree when this chorus begins.* LINCOLN *is very attentive to it and stands absorbed until it ends. As the singing dies away, a man of the overseer-type, wearing a broad hat and white suit with top boots, emerges from the thick growth on the bayou near the boat.*

Overseer: Gentlemen! gentlemen! where are you bound, and can the Duchesne plantation help you in any way? Have you had trouble? One of you looks as if he had a hurt on his head.

Lincoln: Yes, good neighbor—for, though we are a long way from our Illinois home, the great river makes us neighbors—we were not going from Jerusalem to Jericho, but from New Salem to New Orleans. Last night, near the big bend above here, we fell among river thieves who tried to rob our boat. Comrade Hanks was slightly wounded in the forehead and I bear this scratch on the arm. We lost our stock of coffee and some of our other supplies.

Overseer: This is the plantation of Madame Duchesne, a widowed lady, where many travelers from the north country voyaging on the river have stopped.

Lincoln: That is very interesting.

Overseer: There are two travelers now at the great house, one from Virginia and the other from Carolina, seeking in the far South for their blacks carried away by misadventure from their estates. These blacks are women that, it seems, were very dear to the families of these two gentlemen. Somehow, the Virginians and Carolinians cling to and love the blacks that grow up with them, and make it a rule to seek out and buy back those whom misfortune carries to the distant South. Madame Duchesne likes to help them and so do I, even if I am simply an overseer born and raised in Vermont.

Lincoln: In Vermont?

Overseer: Yes, right in the eastern shadow of the Green Mountains.

Lincoln: Abraham Lincoln is my name and my companions are Mr. Hanks and Mr. Johnston. Our home port is New Salem on the Sangamon in Illinois. May I not have your name, sir?

Overseer: Emanuel Godspeed is my name. After two years at Dartmouth College, I ran away and came here to learn the game of bossing nine under-overseers and ruling two thousand blacks.

Lincoln: I used to read about men with names like yours in a book called The Pilgrim's Progress. That book is a sort of Mayflower on the ocean of memory landing cargoes of names of that sort on Plymouth Rock. Mr. Godspeed, are you fond of codfish, baked beans and cold bread?

Godspeed: Yes, quite so! quite so! but the gastronomic propaganda of this land is very insidious, and I admit inroads upon my tastes by batterbread, fried chicken and hot biscuits.

Lincoln: Mr. Godspeed, are you a philosopher?

Godspeed: Well, now, perhaps, and perhaps not.

Lincoln: Can a nation be rent asunder upon the issue of hot biscuits against cold bread?

Godspeed: With such an issue joined, I should be neutral.

Lincoln: This plantation, with its great house and its distinguished owner, Madame Duchesne, is deeply interesting to people of the north country. Would you mind telling us more of this place and its owner?

Godspeed: Madame Duchesne was left a widow by her noble husband, Roland Duchesne, who, having served with distinction as a soldier under Andrew Jackson in the battle of New Orleans, gave largely of his great wealth, and finally gave his life, in following Father Xavier and his heroic brotherhood in fighting a scourge of fever that swept the Delta and the coasts of the Gulf. Roland Duchesne's grandfather laid the foundations of this plantation. Madame Duchesne herself was born in Carolina. Her father's immediate ancestor, Jean Devreaux, was a Girondist in the great Revolution, and was driven from France by Marat's terrorists in 1793, and came to eastern Carolina. Her mother's people are the Granvilles of that state, and their plantation is on the Cape Fear River. Thus there are blended in Madame Duchesne the best elements of America and France. Her house is open always, and hospitality is to her a religion. Mr. Lincoln, let your companions make their camp here near your boat and you yourself go with me to the great house for supplies that you may need. The great lady, I know, wishes it so.

Lincoln: No, Mr. Godspeed, you are very kind and I doubt not that Madame Duchesne is the very soul of hospitality, but we cut cable and put off into the current at crack of day tomorrow, and we three can make it to New Orleans well enough with a little good management. So I shall stay close by our campfire *(then burning in the twilight)* and our boat.

Godspeed: I beg you to change your mind. You will be most welcome, and adding to your supplies will be a privilege to the noble lady. If you will go with me, you can return in little more than an hour and spend the night with your companions.

Lincoln: No, good friend, my mind is set, and I shall stay here and stretch out before the campfire and play that I am in the campaign against Black Hawk again.

Godspeed: The barge of the two voyagers from Virginia and Carolina is moored just below here. They are now at the great house and I know that they would be glad to exchange ideas with one from your part of the world.

Lincoln: Present my compliments to the gentlemen. Again I thank you, Mr. Godspeed, but I cannot go and am now settled for the night *(stretching out before the campfire).*

Godspeed: Only today was I boasting to one of the voyagers, a Mr. Fairfax of Virginia, that no boat ever passed the Duchesne plantation in need of aid that it did not get it. I'd like to make good upon that boast.

Lincoln: No, Mr. Godspeed, let there be an exception this time, in order to prove the rule. A thousand thanks to you!

Godspeed: And to the other voyager I said—to Mister—Mister, oh, what is his name?—Mister—Mr. Rutledge—

Lincoln (sitting up and alert): Mister *what?*

Godspeed: Mr. Rutledge of Carolina.

Lincoln: Hanks, don't you and Johnston think that I ought to go and get a supply of coffee from this plantation while we have a chance? It's a long pull yet to New Orleans.

Hanks (looking across the campfire at Johnston and both smiling): Yes, Abe. We commission you to forage for the supplies. We'll stay here an' keep house while you are gone. But, remember, we cut cable at daybreak.

Lincoln: Mr. Godspeed, let me put on my coat and brush the dust of the Mississippi's main current off my ruffled shirt and I shall accept your kind offer and go with you.

Godspeed: Then the Duchesne hospitality has not yet found an exception.

Lincoln: I'm ready, Mr. Godspeed. Keep the fire going, boys, and I'll be back before the moon is an hour older.

Lincoln and Godspeed go.

SCENE V.

THE SHEEN

The brilliant drawing room of the DUCHESNE *home. There are wonderful pictures and paintings on the walls. The whole room is radiant with the atmosphere of the finest culture.* UNCLE SILAS, *an aged negro butler, is standing at the open door, talking to someone in the hallway beyond.*

Uncle Silas: Oh, yas, Massa Linkum, you is got ter kum right hyar an' sign yo' name on de gues'-book what Mistess keeps fo' all what calls at dis plantation fum de norf an' de souf an' de eas' an' de wes'.

Lincoln (barely appearing and holding back): No, Silas, you people have been very kind and the men at my boat are waiting for the supplies. I ought to hurry back to our camp at the bayou. Please thank Madame Duchesne a thousand times for me and my friends.

Madame Duchesne (entering by another door): Silas, what is the matter?

Silas: Mistess, Mr. Linkum, a gen'men fum 'way off up de big waters an' on his way ter New Orleans, wuz brought up by de big over-

seer, Massa Godspeed, ter git some he'p fo' hisse'f an' his boatmen, an' Ah is carr'in' out yo' orders an' tryin' ter git him in hyar ter sign de gues'-book, an' he be 'scusin' hisse'f.

Madame Duchesne (advancing to the door and extending her hand to LINCOLN*):* Oh, my dear sir, you must come in and add your name to the list of those whom good fortune brings to us as friends and guests from lands far away. You will not deny me this honor, I am sure.

LINCOLN *enters and stands at full height in the garb characteristic of the people of the Illinois country. He is striking in his appearance of strength, honesty, vigor, sincerity and fearlessness, and a poise born of these traits possesses him.*

Lincoln: Madame, gratitude to you and those of your plantation for your aid I felt no less deeply and sincerely because I was unwilling to add my obscure name to the list of illustrious visitors who have come beneath your kindly roof.

Madame Duchesne: My dear Mr. Lin—Lin—

Lincoln: Lincoln, Madame, Abraham Lincoln, of New Salem, Illinois, and down the Sangamon to the Illinois River and thence into the Father of Waters, and fortunately tonight at the Duchesne plantation.

Madame Duchesne: Ah, thank you, Mr. Lincoln. And now will you come to the table and sign my beloved guest-book?

She and LINCOLN *advance to the table where the guest-book lies open. They pause and* MADAME DUCHESNE *reads aloud some of the names on the book and comments upon them.*

Madame Duchesne (continuing): Here, Mr. Lincoln, is the name of Henry Clay, of Kentucky—"Harry of the West," as they call him (LINCOLN *bows and makes a sign of something like adoration).*

Lincoln: Madame, I left my hat in the hall, but if you will permit me, I will bring it in, or have Silas fetch it, and then, with your permission, I'll put it on so that I may pull it off again when you mention the name of our brave and glorious Henry Clay.

Madame Duchesne: Ah, Mr. Lincoln, I have begun by finding a name close to your big heart. Your heart *is* big, isn't it?

Lincoln: I have no exact rule of measuring my heart, but I have an exact rule as to the proper length of my legs.

Madame Duchesne: Pray, what is that rule?

Lincoln: They ought to be exactly long enough to reach from my body to the ground.

Madame Duchesne (laughing heartily): I have been much in France and Great Britain and in our own New England. I am persuaded that these places have something to acquire from the frontiers of America. These centers of complacent culture are afflicted with an intellectual provincialism that raises its eyebrows and imagines that upon our American frontiers it will find nothing but a reed shaken with the wind, and that

only its own children, who wear soft raiment, are fit to dwell in kings' houses. And *(laughing again)* a man's legs should be exactly long enough to reach from his body to the ground!

Lincoln: I see a name on your book that I know well. It is the name of Parson Peter Cartwright of Illinois. And there is another just under it that I have heard of often. It is the name of Elder Daniel Parker of Tennessee.

Madame Duchesne: Yes, yes, many men come and go along our liquid highway. It so happened that these two clerical gentlemen were here at the same time. However, they did not come together. Their meeting at this plantation was only by chance of travel. One was going up the river to spread the gospel and establish the dogma of one-dip-in-running-water and the other was going down the river to spread the gospel and establish the dogma of three-dips-in-standing-water. In this room these devout men, both my guests, cast back and forth the mint and anise and cummin of their disputatious doctrines, until they were red of face and fiery of temper. At that time the Marquis de La Fayette was touring the United States, and a part of his entourage that embraced some of my kindred were visiting this house on their journey to New Orleans. One of them was a wag from the Sorbonne in Paris. In the midst of the heated doctrinal battle between these reverend gentlemen, he laughingly interrupted and asked them if he might tell them Voltaire's story of the two disputing Mohammedan priests and the disciple of Averroes, the Arabian philosopher. Then he told of how, one day by an oasis, the Mohammedan theologians vehemently argued on the one hand that the Prophet wrote the Koran with a feather *plucked* from the wing of the Angel Gabriel, and on the other hand how he wrote it with a feather that *fell* from that angel's wing, and how the disciple of the philosopher, traveling that way on his camel, broke in and asked them to be persuaded that it might be possible that both of them might be wrong and that Mohammed neither plucked the feather nor used a fallen feather. The wag of the Sorbonne stopped just there in the story. Parson Cartwright exclaimed: "What did they say to the philosopher?" Then the wag, making and welcoming his Voltairean chance, said: "They didn't say anything to him—they united and boiled him in oil."

Lincoln (laughing heartily): When I get back to Illinois, I shall not forget this story on my reverend friend Peter Cartwright.

Madame Duchesne: Yes, and the argument about dipping once or thrice in this or that sort of water ceased, and next morning at the breakfast table Reverend Cartwright invoked divine blessings upon our meal and entered an earnest prayer for the success of Elder Parker in his holy mission. And when I saw the two good men on their way to their boats, they were arm in arm and singing a hymn about "bless'd be the tie that binds."

Lincoln (turning back the pages of the guest-book): I see other names here that spell a bit of American history.

Madame Duchesne: Yes, there is one that was written many years ago. It is the name of Daniel Boone. He voyaged this way alone in a canoe made of buffalo hides. They say he wore a coon-skin cap and was clothed in buckskin and carried a very long rifle. He was a strange, kindly, quiet man. He seemed to be looking afar off all the time. He stopped but one night and would not leave his camp on the shore. The overseer loaded his canoe with supplies and took the guest-book down to the river for him to sign. He signed just there *(pointing)* as they held the book in the light of his campfire. I wonder if old Boone is still living? In the Journal of Captain Merriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark, recounting the happenings of their great expedition to the Pacific, it is told that far up a great river beyond the prairies and on the slopes of vast western mountains, where no white man could be imagined as being, a lonely canoe put off from shore and in it was this strange old man, Boone, with that same far-away look in his eyes.

Lincoln: In our cabin in Kentucky my mother used to tell how the Boones and the Lincolns were kin and how the first Lincoln came out from Virginia with old Daniel.

Madame Duchesne: Are you, Mr. Lincoln, of Virginia stock?

Lincoln: I *am,* and I am *not.* The old family story goes that the Lincolns who came from England landed and settled in Massachusetts soon after the little incident at or near or around Plymouth Rock. From Massachusetts the family filtered into Virginia. My Jamestown-ear was charmed and my Plymouth-heart was pained just now when the slaving blacks were singing in your plantation.

Madame Duchesne: People are the blood of our nation, Mr. Lincoln. They circulate in the body politic. Thus the ideas and sympathies of one section may be transfused into another section. This transfusion makes for understanding. God grant that it may go on fast enough to give us men who can stand like Plymouth Rock for eternal justice, and yet who can approach that justice like the strong but gentle tide at Jamestown. You understand me, do you not, Mr. Lincoln?

Lincoln: Yes, Madame, I understand. These men can and will arise and do their work, if the plucked-feather prejudice of cold bread and the fallen-feather prejudice of hot biscuit do not boil the nation in oil.

Madame Duchesne: Ah, the settlements of Kentucky and the prairies of Illinois quickly absorb and very brilliantly use the wit and wisdom of the great Voltaire.

Lincoln: I know very little of him. In the settlements and on the prairies books are scarce. A bibulous fellow named Jack Kelso in our neighborhood knows Shakespeare and Burns by heart. He loafs and drinks and fishes and declaims Shakespeare and recites Burns from morn-

ing to night, and then by moonlight. From him and from books that he and Menton Graham have lent me, I have gained something. The Bible, a history of England, a history of the United States, Robinson Crusoe, The Pilgrim's Progress, Æsop's Fables, Blackstone's Commentaries, a Life of Washington, a Life of Patrick Henry, Euclid's Geometry, and a few fragments constitute the basis of all that I know outside of personal experience.

Madame Duchesne: But you make wonderful use of your resources.

Lincoln: Thank you, Madame Duchesne.

Madame Duchesne: Mr. Lincoln, won't you sign my book (LINCOLN *signs)* and then allow me to introduce you to friends who are now with me? I have guests from various quarters who use that great, watery highway out there *(pointing toward the river)* on their ways to the far South. One is Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, who has recently graduated at West Point, and who is finding his way to his home in Mississippi before taking his post in the Northwest. Another is Mr. Fairfax of Virginia, and another is Mr. Rutledge of Carolina.

Lincoln: Will you kindly repeat the name of the last gentleman?

Madame Duchesne: Rutledge, Edward Rutledge, a descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Lincoln: That is a wonderful name, and I love it over much.

Madame Duchesne: The great Declaration was signed by others, but it was written by the immortal Thomas Jefferson.

Lincoln: Yes, Madame, its opening words were read to me long ago—very long ago!—by the light of a pine-knot fire in a cabin in Kentucky by my blessed mother. She had me to line out and spell the biggest and longest word in it—the word *unalienable.*

Madame Duchesne: And, pray, what do you mean by lining out the word and how did you spell it?

Lincoln: If you will pardon the methods of my backwoods schoolteacher, Mr. Zachariah Riney, this is what we called lining out and spelling: U-n, un, there's your *un;* a, there's your *a;* un-a; l-i, li, there's your *li;* un-a-li; e-n, en, there's your *en;* un-a-li-en; a, there's your *a;* un-a-li-en-a; b-l-e, ble, there's your *ble;* un-a-li-en-a-ble—*unalienable.* As a boy, I spelt and pronounced that last syllable *bull.*

Madame Duchesne (laughing): That is delightful!

Lincoln: But since that night by my mother's fire in the cabin, I have spelt down many meeting houses full of scholars, and so I have improved on the spelling of the last syllable.

Madame Duchesne: Has Thomas Jefferson ever visited your part of the country in your lifetime, Mr. Lincoln?

Lincoln: No, but I have learned his Declaration by heart and declaimed it on the Fourth of July.

Madame Duchesne: Mr. Jefferson was in France in the days of the rise of the great Revolution. My kinspeople were there and cast their lot with the cause of the immortal Girondists. They believed in true, democratic republicanism, and to their brave faith they brought a splendid devotion. However, they questioned the plucked-feather dogma of royalism and the fallen-feather dogma of Jacobinism, and so Madame Guillotine boiled them in oil. My grandfather chanted the Marseillaise with Brissot, Vergniaud, Ducos and Gensonne in the tumbrils on the way to the Place de Greve. My own father was sent by Madame Roland to America when a mere boy. The iron of freedom—the right sort of freedom—was fastened deeply in the soul of Mr. Jefferson in those fearful days, and that is why, when he wrote about the black slaves of this country in his Notes on Virginia, he used these words: "Indeed, I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, and that his justice cannot sleep forever. The abolition of slavery is not impossible and ought not to be despaired of."

Lincoln: Madame! Madame! did Thomas Jefferson write and sign those words? Have you the book where they are printed?

Madame Duchesne: Yes, Mr. Lincoln *(getting the book from a case near-by)*, and it is your own and for your reading on the rest of your journey *(presenting the book to him)*.

Lincoln: Ten thousand thanks to you, Madame! I shall prize the book more than you can ever know.

Madame Duchesne: Perhaps you will put off in your boat and, dropping down the stream, will begin the first chapter of the book to the strange and plaintive refrain of my two thousand slaves in the cotton and cane singing their songs about walking and talking with the angels and—and—

Lincoln: Telling "Gawd" how we do them.

Madame Duchesne: Yes, "Ah'm gwine t' tell Gawd how you do me"—that is a part of the refrain. And many of their songs are about "Canaan" as their "happy home," and about a "sweet chariot" that they are always begging and pleading to "swing low." I say, as your retreating boat goes southward and you hold Jefferson's burning words against slavery before your eyes, you will possibly think that Madame Duchesne is an academic theorist and keeps the word of hope to the ear and breaks it to the soul. But, Mr. Lincoln, a very great philosopher said: "In the design of God, time appears an element of truth; yet to demand from a single day the definite truth, is to ask of Nature more than she can afford. Impatience creates illusions and ruins in the place of truth; deceptions are but truths plucked ere they are ripe."

LIEUTENANT JEFFERSON DAVIS, *in the army uniform of that period,* MR. FAIRFAX, MR. RUTLEDGE *and* MONSIEUR MONTJEAN, *the family tutor, enter.*

Lincoln: Your guests.

Madame Duchesne: Mr. Davis, allow me to present Mr. Lincoln (LINCOLN *and* DAVIS *shake hands*). Mr. Fairfax, Mr. Rutledge, Monsieur Montjean, allow me to introduce you to Mr. Lincoln (LINCOLN *and the three shake hands cordially).*

Davis: Mr. Lincoln, my servant ascertained from your servants down at the river that you were voyaging to New Orleans.

Lincoln: The men at the river are my friends and kinsmen. We are, we hope, on the last lap of our long trip.

Davis: The Mississippi, in its lower reaches, is the means by which the wealth of a domain gets afloat for the building, in this and succeeding centuries, of an empire that would stagger the combined imaginations of an Argonaut, a Carthagenian and a Britisher.

Lincoln: The Argonaut is a fable, the desert has swallowed Carthage and my Blackstone's Commentaries tell me that no slave may breathe the free air of England.

Davis: Eli Whitney's cotton gin has stationed itself at the heart of this domain, whose boundaries are climatic and whose area is a monopoly, and this great machine is throbbing! throbbing! like a powerful heart, and, as it throbs, it clothes the world, while new and boundless demands produce the opening and cultivation of vast, additional lands that shall groan and whiten under the tillage of special labor that God, in his infinite wisdom, has given to civilization for the fulfillment of his inscrutable ends.

Lincoln: It is passing strange that matters of God's inscrutable ends should be confided to a Mississippian and omitted from the information imparted to a Galilean.

Madame Duchesne: Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Rutledge, I wish you to tell Mr. Lincoln of your missions in the far South.

Fairfax: I came out of Virginia, by light boats, down the Greenbrier and Kanawha to the Ohio, where I joined Mr. Rutledge, who came out of Carolina, by the New River into the Kanawha and then into the Ohio. We united forces at our meeting in Kentucky, and there secured a commodious barge and excellent oarsmen. I am seeking to find and purchase a young slave-woman, who was carried away from my estate on the Potomac by the British forces while I was serving with a Virginia regiment under General Harrison in the Thames and Lundy's Lane campaigns. This slave is now a woman, but when she was taken from my plantation, she was a child. Her poor black mother is our ruling mammy, and we love her and she loves us as kindred bone loves kindred bone and kindred flesh loves kindred flesh. From recent rumors, it seems that the British commander took the girl to the West Indies and there declared her free. For years no tidings of her came. Her poor mother has a stricken heart dying in her breast. I spent large sums to secure information about the lost girl. Her first name is Mandy, and, if she remembers, her full name is Mandy

Fairfax. She is a genuine African. A possible clue has reached me that I may find her at New Orleans. Old Mammy's heart is following me down this river. I hope to find and buy back the lost child and restore her, as a freed woman, to her mother in Virginia.

Lincoln: Sir, do you need an extra oar in your boat? I can tie a rope around all the Clary's Grove Boys, and, standing on a stump, I can lift them, with one hand, two feet off the ground.

Rutledge: A Spanish ship in our waters had on board an African tribesman—the great chief of his tribe. He, acting for the Spaniard in command of the ship, stole a young female slave named Cynthia from my plantation dock in the river. Before we could rescue the girl, the ship dropped down the stream and put to sea. Cynthia was beloved by all my children, and was the devoted nurse of my little blue-eyed, golden-haired Anne—

Lincoln (tense): Mr. Rutledge! did you say blue-eyed and golden-haired? Have you ever seen the blue sky bending over the waving, golden wheat of the prairie?

Rutledge: No, Mr. Lincoln, I have never been farther west than this point. But the rest of my story is soon told. We have vague information that Cynthia may now be found at New Orleans or Mobile. I go in search of her and my little Anne's heart is following me anxiously down the river.

Lincoln (softly and aside): The heart of somebody named *Anne* is following him down this river! (*to* MR. RUTLEDGE) Do you need an extra oar? I can bundle all the Clary's Grove Boys in one bunch, put three barrels of flour on them, throw in two blacksmith's anvils, tie a rope around the whole aggregation, stand on a stump, and, with one hand, toss them over the Milky Way.

Rutledge (laughing in chorus with the others): Thank you, Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Fairfax and I are traveling together and our oarsmen are numerous and strong. It was our preference to travel as we do, and, if possible, avoid the uncertainties of the temperamental steamboats that now ply the river.

Lincoln: Mr. Rutledge, did any of your kin from Carolina go out to the Illinois country?

Rutledge: Yes, my father's kinsman, on his paternal side, went out there. It has been years since we heard of him. The great West swallows men up and they forget and are forgotten.

Lincoln: Was his ancestor a signer of the Declaration of Independence?

Rutledge: Yes, that is a part of the family's hereditaments.

Lincoln: I think that I know your kinsman. He lives at New Salem, Illinois. And, Mr. Rutledge, you should come out and see—see—our blue sky and waving, golden wheat on the prairie.

Rutledge: Indeed, some day I hope to go to Illinois and the wonderful lands beyond.

Madame Duchesne: Gentlemen, I beg you to excuse Lieutenant Davis and me for a moment. We wish to examine the maps in the library, by which he is to find his way across the country on horseback to his home.

MADAME DUCHESNE *and* DAVIS *go out.*

Fairfax: Monsieur Montjean, some of these pictures *(indicating)* relate to scenes and places in France associated with Madame Duchesne's paternal ancestors. Her mother's people are the Granvilles on the Cape Fear in Carolina, whom I know well. Won't you kindly point out the pictures that are of special interest in connection with Madame's family in France?

Rutledge (advancing to a picture): This picture does not relate to France. It is a splendid reproduction of the old Granville home in Carolina. Fairfax, you and I knew it well when we were boys.

Fairfax: Yes, in that old home, I danced for the first time with the lady that became Mrs. Fairfax. But, Monsieur is going to show us pictures that call us to France.

Montjean (coming forward): I shall take great plaisir, gentlemen. A journey around theese walls ees to me something of a return to La Belle France. Thees *(indicating)* ees a landscape by Corot that only thees winter I brought weeth me to New Orleans by ze ship from Bordeaux. It ees a scene on ze Loire, and shows across ze valley ze old chateau, where, it ees said, Catherine de Medici leeved and where ze Duc de Guise met hees death. In ze foreground ees, perhaps, a glimpse of ze chapel where ze standards of Jean d' Arc were blessed.

Lincoln: That is a beautiful valley. It seems to me that waving, golden wheat ought to grow in that valley and a wonderfully blue sky ought to bend above it.

Montjean: Yes, ze sky ees blue and ze wheat ees golden. Ze next scene *(passing on)* is a conception of Constable, ze artiste Anglais, whose own country deed not recognize heem until France had hung hees pictures and given heem a bit of laurel. Ze effect ees that of a road up ze great valley of ze Aisne where farms and scenes indicate true conditions in France, but, at ze same time, betray things close to ze heart of thees gifted Anglais.

Fairfax: That valley of the Aisne is known in history as one of the battlegrounds of France against recurrent invasion and destruction.

Montjean: Yes, Meester Fairfax, France has always leeved her life on ze edge of ze abyss. In thees connection, I will ask you gentlemen to omit some of ze other pictures for ze moment, and go weeth me here to thees painting by Vernet of ze ancestral chateau of Madame Duchesne's kindred at Chalons sur Marne. Ze winding course of ze Marne and ze towers of ze town of Chalons on eets bank stand sombre and silent against

ze eastern sky. Ze beginning of ze long story of France's ever-recurring and ever-triumphant struggle to exeest was enacted at Chalons upon ze Marne. You gentlemen know ze story weel. In ze year 451 A.D., just here at Chalons upon ze Marne, ze founders of France began ze endless game of saving civilization, when Attilla ze Hun emerged weeth an army greater than that of Xerxes and desolated ze Byzantine empire and then, crossing ze Rhine, turned toward ze Seine and ze plains of Italy. Three hundred thousand dead lay upon thees Marne field, and Western Europe was left in ze dark centuries to grope eets way toward ze rebirth and ze development of civilization. Ah, near thees old castle on ze Marne, in ancient days, France stood weeth her back to ze wall and fought—and won!

Lincoln: Sir, I am far from being a warlike character, but I, remembering La Fayette and Rochambeau, admit that you, for a second, stir my peaceful blood into a wish that I might have been there, leading my old company of the Black Hawk war, with the four hundred Kentuckians, under George Rogers Clark, covering my flanks. Who knows?

Scene VI.

THE AWAKENING

The sellers and buyers of slaves, together with the slaves to be auctioned, are in the slave-market at New Orleans. The usual milling about is taking place. The sales are in progress. The slaves are men and women of all ages and there are a few little slave-children. The scene is typical of a far-Southern slave-market of that period. There are the buyers, the sellers, the brokers, the slaves, and finally, the auctioneer mounted on the block from which sales are cried. Lincoln *and his two companions,* Hanks *and* Johnston, *stand there as spectators.* Godspeed, *the chief overseer of the* Duchesne *plantation, is present. He, two days after* Lincoln, *has come down the river with* Mr. Fairfax *and* Mr. Rutledge. *There is a halt in the proceedings while the auctioneer and several interested buyers or sellers inspect some records and go through the details of signing some papers.* Mr. Fairfax *and* Mr. Rutledge, *who are quartered at the St. Louis Hotel, are expected upon the scene at any moment. Prospective buyers go about inspecting the slaves. They look at their tongues, teeth, bodies and general physical equipment.* Godspeed *is standing near* Lincoln.

Godspeed: What do you say about all this, Mr. Lincoln?

Lincoln: I say what Madame Duchesne's book tells me that Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, said, and he said this: "Indeed I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just and that His justice cannot sleep forever—the abolition of slavery is not impossible, and ought never to be despaired of." Those are the words of Jefferson.

Godspeed: Do you know that I am here today as a buyer of slaves for Madame Duchesne?

Lincoln: My God! as a buyer of slaves for Madame Duchesne?

Godspeed: Yes, but a buyer only of those slaves whose history, needs and conditions appeal specially to her object of arranging some sort of resale or reconveyance to their original masters, if kind and worthy, where they may be once more united with their own kindred. The slaves that I am able to buy will go to the Duchesne plantation, and will there work under the most beneficent conditions, while the great and good lady arranges her plans for their home-goings.

Lincoln: Madame Duchesne's investments in the slave-market will not be subject to the corruption of moth and rust nor exposed to the pilfering of thieves.

Godspeed: I am looking for Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Rutledge at any moment. They are at the St. Louis Hotel on Royal Street. They have commissioned me to seek and find, if possible, Mandy and Cynthia, the two black girls taken from their plantations in Virginia and Carolina. So far, no females in any way answering their descriptions have appeared.

The AUCTIONEER *is taking his place on the block and preparing to cry the sale of a stalwart young black man.*

Auctioneer: Now, gentlemen, your attention, if you please! I shall next sell at public auction, at the upset price of nine hundred dollars, this splendid specimen *(bringing the slave forward)* of the Guinea nigger crossed on the Polynesian—an excellent combination that we call the Guineapol. His father was brought from the coast of Africa by Captain Truefaith in his good ship Hope Anchor, sailing out of Providence, in 1802, and his mother was brought from the South Seas by Captain Friendlove in 1804, in his sloop Honest John, sailing out of Boston. His name is Scipio Africanus, and his present owner is the executor of an estate upon our great Delta. He is twenty-two years old. He is a good worker; of excellent disposition; in perfect health; and he knows cotton, corn and cane as you know the fingers on your hands. What am I offered above the upset? Come, gentlemen, the upset is nine hundred dollars, and he's going! going! at nine hundred! nine hundred dollars! Do I hear a bid?

First Bidder: Nine fifty.

Auctioneer: Nine fifty is the bid. Going! going! at nine fifty. Nine fifty it is. Do I hear a raise? Nine fifty! Nine fifty! Do you make it . . .

Second Bidder: One thousand.

Auctioneer: Then one thousand it is. And are there gentlemen here who will top that? What am I offered? Going at one—

First Bidder: Fifty more.

Auctioneer: And now it's one thousand and fifty dollars. What am I offered above this, gentlemen? going! going! at—

Second Bidder: Eleven hundred.

Auctioneer: That's right, good people, this slave is a fine buy at fifteen hundred dollars. Going at eleven—

First Bidder: Fifty more.

Auctioneer: Fifty more it is, and the Guineapol is going! going! at eleven fifty—eleven fifty—eleven fifty! Make it twelve! Going at eleven fifty! Who makes it twelve? Going at eleven fif—

Second Bidder: Twelve hundred, I make it.

Auctioneer: Twelve hundred dollars I am offered. Come on fast, gentlemen! Going at twelve hundred—twelve hundred—am I offered more? Going at twelve hundred—do you increase it?—a great bargain, gentlemen, and it's going at twelve hundred dollars! All done? I say going at twelve hundred—fair warning!—going at twelve hundred, *once!*—going at twelve hundred, *twice!*—going at twelve hundred—look out!—at twelve hundred *three times* and *sold!* to that gentleman on the left who wears the big black hat and the long heavy watch chain. Please announce yourself, sir.

Second Bidder: Sold to me, Colonel Tiberius Gaius Gracchus Freeman, of Liberty Grove, Independence County, Mississippi.

Auctioneer: Scipio Africanus is sold to Colonel Tiberius Gaius Gracchus Freeman, of Liberty Grove, Independence County, Mississippi. Colonel, we will arrange the papers and payment.

The AUCTIONEER *and the purchaser turn aside to close the matter by payment and signing of papers. The group of slaves begin chanting a plaintive and inarticulate refrain, half of sorrow and half of excitement, and some of them bend their heads between their knees and weep, or are solemnly silent. Meanwhile, the inspections by prospective buyers go on.*

Godspeed: Here are Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Rutledge *(the two arrive)* in great haste.

Fairfax: Mr. Lincoln, I am glad to see you again *(shaking* LINCOLN'S *hand).*

Rutledge (likewise shaking his hand): Mr. Lincoln, it is a pleasure to see you once more.

Lincoln: Gentlemen, I want you to know my friends and kinsmen, Mr. Hanks and Mr. Johnston *(they are cordially greeted by* MR. FAIRFAX *and* MR. RUTLEDGE).

Fairfax: We came here in great haste bearing good news about our Mandy. At the hotel I had dispatches from some of my searchers that Mandy is in humane hands on an island plantation below the city. I shall go there by a steamboat today and secure the woman. Then I shall return by ship to Norfolk, and, when I reach Virginia, I shall give Mandy to her mother and immediately manumit them both.

Rutledge: I have no news from Cynthia—only a vague rumor that the brutal Spaniard who stole her is with her in New Orleans and may sell

her at one of the slave-markets. I have not inspected the slaves on display here. I must inspect them very carefully. Possibly Cynthia may be among them *(beginning a round of inspection).*

Auctioneer: And now, good citizens, I am able to offer you a bargain in a peculiar combination. It is a combination of old age and youth *(bringing forward a very old negro woman and little black child).* These two are to be sold together. They are Virginia blacks. Their upset price is only six hundred dollars. Their former master lives in the Valley of Virginia. Bankruptcy and the law took these slaves from him and threw them into the hands of the traders. You know the habit of the Virginians to seek out and buy back their lost slaves. The woman is old, but she can card and spin, and she will teach these arts to the little black, who is her granddaughter. For the two, the upset is six hundred dollars. What am I offered above that?

Godspeed: Do you give the name and address of the Virginia family from which they come?

Auctioneer: Yes, of course, the buyer is entitled to a complete record of these slaves.

Godspeed: May I speak with the old woman?

Auctioneer: Certainly, sir. And now, while the gentleman exercises his right (GODSPEED *goes close to the old black woman and talks to her),* let us see how the bids run. The upset is six hundred dollars for the two. Who goes above that? Going at six hundred—going at six hundred —who'll make it six fifty?—going—

First Bidder: Six fifty.

Auctioneer: Ah, thank you, and six fifty it is. Going at six hundred and fifty dollars!—going at six—

Second Bidder: Seven hundred.

Auctioneer: That's the way to do it! going at seven hundred, and who goes above that? Going at seven hundred, and the greatest bargain of the ages! Citizens, lend me your ears and loosen your pursestrings! Going at seven hun—

First Bidder: Seven fifty.

Auctioneer: This gentleman knows a great bargain when he sees it—going at seven fifty!—seven—

Godspeed (turning from the aged woman): One thousand dollars.

Auctioneer: Ah, you are a scholar and a gentleman. Do I hear an increase? Going at one thousand—one thousand—one thousand dollars! Do you top that, any of you? Going at one thousand, *once!*—fair warning!—going, I say, at one thousand dollars for this old black carder and spinner and her grandchild. Going at one thousand, *twice!*—take warning!—going at one thousand, *three times,* and *sold!* to this gentleman and scholar.

Godspeed: Sold to Madame Duchesne of Marne Chateau, Louisiana.

The AUCTIONEER *and* GODSPEED *go apart for a moment for the usual formalities of consummating the sale. A low humming or mumbling of distress comes from the slaves as they wait.*

Rutledge (returning in haste and excitement from his round among the slaves and speaking to FAIRFAX *and* LINCOLN) : The cursed Spaniard has Cynthia in a dingy hack with the curtains drawn. He has her behind that wall in the narrow street near the canal, and his plan is to come at the end of the sale, when the buyers are few, and sell her while his disguised henchman buys her in, so that he afterwards may take a deed from the henchman. This, he thinks, will give him some sort of a color of title to obscure, in a measure, his theft of the girl at my plantation. The Spaniard left the hack for a moment to go after a drink of brandy, and the constable, whom I had employed, crept near and spoke with Cynthia. This Spaniard is in possession of stolen property. If I recover Cynthia, my first act will be to give her complete freedom and take her back to my little Anne, as her beloved nurse serving for lawful wages. Mr. Fairfax! Mr. Lincoln! what would you advise me to do?

Lincoln: And this means Cynthia's freedom and something to make glad the heart of your little blue-eyed, golden-haired daughter, named Anne?

Rutledge: Yes, Mr. Lincoln, yes!

Lincoln (turning to HANKS *and* JOHNSTON) : And, now, boys of the settlements and the prairies, do you remember how, when Hanks here and I were splitting rails in the Sangamon bottoms, we brought down a big Spanish oak that fell on Jack Armstrong and well nigh killed him as it slowly settled upon him and pressed him deeper and deeper into the soft muck, and how you, Hanks, and you, Johnston, sprang to me, and how we bent our backs and popped our eyes and whip-corded the veins in our faces and fiddle-stringed the nerves and muscles in our necks and arms and legs, and held and raised the great tree until Jack could crawl to safety? Do you remember *that?* I see by your faces, boys, that you remember. So now, Mr. Rutledge, in the deep and shameful muck of our national economics, a great, brutal, Spanish tyrant has fallen across human rights and the heart of your little Anne. If you'll lead the way and show us Cynthia and this damned Spaniard, we'll Drake and Hawkins him and sink his Armada of thieving, cruel possession in the muddy tide of the Father of Waters.

RUTLEDGE *quickly leads the way, followed by* FAIRFAX, LINCOLN, HANKS, *and* JOHNSTON, *all stripping off their coats.*

Scene VII.

THE CRISIS

LINCOLN *in the White House in 1861 while the attack on Fort Sumpter by the Confederates is imminent. The place is the President's room. His private secretary,* MR. JOHN HAY, *is present, as well as* MR. SEWARD *and* MR. STANTON *of his official cabinet. Piles of telegrams, letters and papers cover the library table and an atmosphere of tenseness pervades.*

Lincoln: This suspense about Fort Sumpter and Major Anderson is wearing on backwoods nerves and prairie sensibilities.

Seward: I feel as if the weight of the universe were bearing down upon me. This weight has borne down remorselessly upon my shoulders since the inauguration nearly a month ago. But I bear up. Are we sure that we are on the right road? Are we drifting? Are there a keen insight and a set purpose held in reserve by a lawful and constitutional power that can meet and handle things now transpiring or trembling on the edge of a crisis? I have my lines out among the politicians, and my agencies for securing needful data are well placed. Thus I have been able to conceive of and formulate a policy. Thus I prepared and submitted my thoughts for the President's consideration. England and France must be dealt with, and Canada, Mexico and Central America must be roused to a spirit of independence from European domination. Sumpter must be evacuated. We must maintain every fort and national possession in the South. Let the tide of events carry along the twin issues of unionism and slavery. Let us divert the public mind into forgetfulness and resultant patriotism.

Lincoln (musing): Give up Fort Sumpter, but maintain every fort and national possession in the South, thus going out to swim, hanging our clothes on a hickory limb and not going near the water! Buy a silver waiter, and upon it present to Jefferson Davis at Montgomery two powerful European allies! Divert the people by putting European and Spanish American sand in their mouths! Why *(now turning to* SEWARD), Mr. Secretary, out in our country, Lem Stevens used to divert his horse from balking by putting sand in his mouth, and the old nag became a progressive sand-glutton. Lem got to the point where the horse-demand for sand-diversion was so great, out there in the prairies where sand was scarce, that he had to keep a wagon full of sand, and then he had to walk and get his neighbors to do his hauling.

Seward: I asked if we were not drifting. We may drift even among reminiscences of balking horses and frontier life.

Lincoln: Mr. Secretary, we may drift, but if we do, we must pull up the two biggest stakes of principle that were ever driven through the centre of the earth and double-clinched at the points where they came out in the eastern hemisphere. These earth-piercing stakes, to which we are chained by unbreakable links, are these: First, the Union must be fearlessly maintained; and, second, the threat of disunion must not soften us to allow slavery to go beyond its present bounds into the Territories of this Nation, where our civilization is to expand and develop. Giving up this country's great fort will weaken both of these stakes to which we are tied. Mr. Secretary, I believe that I am justified in saying that Mr. Jefferson Davis, Mr. Robert Toombs and Mr. William L. Yancey would almost die of subtropical joy, if they should hear that Abraham Lincoln had begun to commence an embroilment with England and France. By the ties of blood, race and democratic development, England is and always must be our ally. By the ties of comradeship and chivalric sacrifice, France is bound to us. I am speaking of that genuine England and that genuine France that lie beneath the painted surface of official expediency. Mr. Secretary, I have mentally and physically transfused hither and yon in this country in my day and time, and I humbly think that I appreciate its moods and ways. I love the Union, and I hate disunion. I hate slavery, without always being forced into hatred of the slave-owner. Right makes might, and the patient poise of a consciousness of right must not be mistaken for drifting. If calamities overtake us, the people are to blame for picking out a prairie lawyer for President, or our Constitution is to blame for not providing two or more Presidents at the same time.

Stanton (looking at his watch): Mr. President, it is after the hour when you were to receive visitors from Illinois. They are possibly waiting. And following these visitors, the Emancipation Committee of the Gideon League is to meet you.

Lincoln: Let the visitors from Illinois, if they are waiting, meet me here, and let the committee from the Gideon League, when they come, also meet me in this room. Mr. Hay *(to the Private Secretary)*, please arrange this.

HAY, *the Private Secretary, retires, and* LINCOLN *takes a letter from his pocket and prepares to read it to* SEWARD *and* STANTON.

Lincoln (continuing): I beg you to listen to the reading of this letter. It is from an old friend of mine in Louisiana, whom I met once when I was being transfused along the big Mississippi vein of our body

politic. She is the Madame Roland of the South. The letter is dated on the day of my inauguration and was written at Marne Chateau, Louisiana. With your permission I shall read it *(reading):*

Hon. Abraham Lincoln,
Executive Mansion,
Washington,
District of Columbia.

My dear Mr. Lincoln:

In the long-ago, in my drawing room, I said to you that, in the design of God, time was an element of truth, and that we should not demand from a single day the definite truth.

Much time has passed and much water in the Great River has run to the sea since then. The flight of time means nothing, as an element of truth, unless it lead on to some fateful day when we prove our timid, groping faith by our works.

Today I have signed, sealed and delivered my deed of manumission and freedom to all the slaves upon my estate. I recognize the problems that confront them in our social order, and so I have made such arrangements as are possible to retain them upon the equitable basis of a wage-system. But I do not abridge their freedom.

My plans for the near future are to visit my mother's people on the Cape Fear in Carolina, and later I shall be a guest at the Fairfax home in Virginia.

God keep our great country off the rocks, and grant that it is only the sound of the wave and the flapping of a sail that affright us!

Most respectfully and sincerely yours,

MARY DEVREAUX DUCHESNE.

Seward: A very noble deed.

Stanton: A very noble woman.

Lincoln: It's a far cry back to the time when a rough, uncouth frontiersman drifted in a flatboat down the Sangamon, the Illinois and the Mississippi, and, rubbing an Aladdin's lamp, found himself in a circle of splendor, culture, kindness and hospitality unsurpassed in any civilization on this earth. Yes, she is a very wonderful and noble woman.

HAY *quickly returns and is laughing as he enters. With him is an old man,* AZARIAH HICKS, *of Illinois, one of* LINCOLN'S *old-time friends.* HICKS *hobbles along, and* LINCOLN, *recognizing him, cordially extends his hand in greeting.*

Hay: Mr. President, your old friends, Mr. Hicks and Mrs. Hicks, of Illinois, were waiting. Mrs. Hicks is held back for a moment by some Illinois people in the hall below.

Lincoln: And dear Azariah Hicks from the flowing banks of the Sangamon! I am glad to see you. I want you to sit right down here in a chair that's a little more comfortable than the stump you sat on that day watching Hanks and me running a race at rail-splitting.

Hicks (sitting down): Yes, Abe—I mean Mr. *President*—them days wuz good ole days, but they be gone an' the grasshopper is gittin' ter be a burden.

Lincoln: Bless my soul, Azariah, I remember when you married Martha Hawkins. She's with you today and well?

Hicks: Yes, she's with me. She'll be in here shortly. But—poor woman!—she ain't well. She looks all right, but somethin's the matter with her head so that her mind ain't right. She fergits names of people an' things an' places an' happenin's. This kind o' hangs her up in her conversation. I fergits the name of the ailment of the head that they call it—lemme see—it's called som'n' or other—it'll come to me soon—oh pshaw!—

Hay: Aphasia?

Hicks: Yes! yes! that's it—aphasia—that's what Martha's got. She fergits an' you have to help her along.

MRS. HICKS, *a strong and vigorous old lady, enters briskly and with cordial enthusiasm.* LINCOLN *advances to meet her.*

Lincoln: Why, Martha Hawkins Hicks! I am truly glad to see you.

Mrs. Hicks: An' Abe—I'm goin' ter drop that *President* right here an' now—the Lord knows you do my ole prairie-eyes good. You remember Zack Caverly, that we called Socrates, an' Elihu Gest an' Ebinezer James an' Lem Stevens an' Tom Melendy an' Jim Ferris an' Phil Sawyer an' Ike Dixon an' Hank Cutler an' Ezry Sparr an' Andy Scott an' Luke Henry an' Plate Wagner an' Squire Higgins an' all them prank-players down at Clary's Grove an'—

Lincoln: Yes, Martha. I remember and love them all. Ah, I'd like to go back to New Salem and see the blue sky bending down over the waving, golden wheat on the prairie.

Mrs. Hicks: An' now, Abe, when you talk 'bout somethin' blue an' somethin' golden, I gits out my pocket han'kerchief *(getting it out and touching her eyes)* an' I asks of you if you remember the blue eyes an' golden hair of poor, dear, little, dead Anne Rutledge whose grave I keeps green?

Lincoln (covering his brow and eyes with his hand): Yes, dear woman, I remember! I remember! I never can be reconciled to have the snow and rain and storms beat upon her grave. May spring and summer always bring to that grave the sweetest flowers of the prairie!

Hicks: An' Abe—I'll drop the *President* too, if you'll let me—you remember that hell-roarin' feller that use' ter hold revivals an' distracted meetin's—oh, what's his name?—I can't seem ter git it on my tongue right now—lemme see—er—

Mrs. Hicks: Reverend Peter Cartwright?

Hicks: Yes, that's it, Cartwright.

Lincoln: I remember him very well.

Hicks: Well, you mind his meetin' house almost got burnt down—the meetin' house over there at—at that place—that place called—er, lemme see—at—

Mrs. Hicks: Mount Carmell?

Hicks: Yes, that's the place.

Lincoln (laughing): Yes, I remember the time and the place. I was there. Denton Offutt was on the shady side of the meeting house. Denton was careless in lighting his pipe. The dry straw and leaves quickly caught fire and carried the flames right under the wooden church, and, away back where nobody could reach it, the blaze was burning the sills and the floor. The whole thing looked like it was gone. It was a half-mile to water. Offutt was scared, because he had started the fire and saw the law of damages coming after him. Jack Armstrong pulled off his coat, and, dragging it after him, squeezed under the building and squirmed his way toward the fire. Offutt kneeled on the ground, put his eyes down, looked under the church and sang out: "That's right, Jack, flap it out with your coat, and I'll give you the best suit of clothes, the best overcoat and the best hat in my store." Jack worked hard, the fire grew less and Offutt yelled: "Go after it, Jack, and kill it dead and I'll give you the best overcoat in my stock." Jack won, the fire faded away and everything seemed safe. Offutt stood up and rubbed the dirt off his knees and holloed: "Come on out, Jack, the hat's yours."

Hicks: Them wuz good ole days. An' do you remember, Abe, about the time when you beat 'em out on their scheme to shut yo' mouth 'bout that big man that you wuz readin' so much about then—that big man named—named—oh hell!—named—

Mrs. Hicks: Patrick Henry?

Hicks: Yes, by gum! Patrick Henry.

Lincoln: Hicks, you are a darned poor diagnostician.

Hicks: How's that?

Lincoln: I say Mrs. Hicks is much better.

Hicks: Yes, but we have to help her powerful.

Lincoln: Help her all you can, Hicks.

Hicks: An' Abe, do you mind that horse-trader over at Saul's Prairie who got converted an' took ter prayin' in public?

Lincoln: What was his name?

Hicks (impatiently): Now, never mind his name!

Mrs. Hicks: Luke Stone?

Hicks: I said never mind his name! but that *was* his name—Luke Stone. Well, arter he got converted an' got mighty easy an' expert at prayin' in public, he took a round o' horse-tradin' fer a week. Then he showed up on Sunday at Mount Carmell church an' Parson Cartwright called on him to pray in public. He had traded a spavined roan to Ezry Sparr on the Wednesday before, an' there wuz Ezry in the congregation on the left. He had traded a gingered bay to Sol Carter on the Friday before, an' there wuz Sol in the congregation on the right. Luke never saw Ezry nor Sol till he got along in his prayer. Luke started out by clearin' his throat an' coughin' behind his hand an' stretchin' his neck an' liftin' up his voice, an' then he said—he said—lemme see—he said—

Mrs. Hicks: Abe, I'll tell you *exactly* what he said. I remember it well.

Lincoln (laughing): No, let *me* tell what his prayer was and how he made it. I heard it myself. He began with fulsome and flattering compliments to the Deity and shaded away into a petition for the most exalted morality, righteousness and holiness in the hearts and lives of those present. This is about the way the last part of his prayer went: "Oh Lord, in all our walk and conversation in thy holy and blessed Zion, help us to do absolutely right, and, furthermore, oh Lord (catching sight of Ezry out of the tail of his left eye), help us to do *about* right, and then, oh Lord (seeing Sol out of the corner of his right eye), help us to do as *near* right as the circumstances and surroundings will permit."

Hay: Mr. President, the Emancipation Committee of the Gideon League is waiting.

Lincoln: Very well, Hay, they may come right in here, and *(turning to* MR. HICKS *and* MRS. HICKS) you dear people will excuse me now, I know, and see me again before you go back to the prairies.

MR. HICKS *and* MRS. HICKS *retire by a side door while the Emancipation Committee of the Gideon League files in. The chairman or spokesman is unctuous and armed with an immense manuscript, which is his address to the President.*

Lincoln: Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, you are welcome.

Chairman (coming absurdly close and standing under the very nose of LINCOLN, *with his immense manuscript touching the buttons on the President's vest, he reads and thunders forth his written address):* "Mr. President, it devolves upon this Emancipation Committee of the Gideon League, speaking through me, the duly and truly authorized and empowered Chairman of said Committee, to express to you sentiments and opinions that are kindly, sensible, reasonable, sober, charitable, earnest, insistent, irresistible, fixed, irrefragable, unchangeable, uncompromising, burning—"

Lincoln: As we used to say in the game of hide-the-thimble, you are now getting *warm.*

Chairman: To resume, "Mr. President, it devolves upon this Emancipation Committee of the Gideon League, speaking through me, the duly and truly authorized and empowered Chairman of said Committee, to express to you sentiments and opinions that are"—let me see—yes—"burning and that relate to something that relates to us all in all the relationships of the body politic; something that is in the midst of the central inwardness of the life of this Nation; something that weaves itself into the warp and woof of our political and economic existence; something that lifts its voice of distress in the modern world; something that clanks its chains in our market-places; (LINCOLN *deftly peeping at the manuscript held so close to him)* something that crimsons the cheek of American civilization with the blush of shame and—"

Lincoln: Do you eventually name this *something?*

Chairman: Yes, Mr. President, of necessity, the name of this something is deferred and climactic.

Lincoln: Mr. Chairman, the name of this *something* is African slavery.

Chairman: Mr. President, we are astounded at your penetrating perspicacity.

Lincoln: I peeped and found it at the top of your forty-second page. And what, gentlemen, is the petition of your discourse?

Chairman: As you have so aptly traversed and epitomized the first forty-two pages of our appeal, Mr. President, this Committee, acting through me, its duly appointed and lawfully empowered Chairman, will abridge our conference and come at once to the last twenty pages containing the perorational summary of our prayers.

Lincoln: Twenty pages? If so, proceed.

Chairman (resuming): "Wherefore, and in view of each and every part, parcel, portion and premises herein and above set forth and enumerated, we, the Committee, speaking through said duly appointed and legally authorized Chairman, representing the sentiments, convictions, resolutions and official utterances of the Gideon League, do seriously, solemnly and earnestly urge upon the President of the United States of America that he do now and here, without equivocation, delay or hesitation—"

Lincoln: Rub Aladdin's lamp and wave a fairy's wand and live happily ever after?

Chairman: No, Mr. President, the closing lines of my appeal so aptly express the gist and substance of our address that, having read them, I shall close. They are as follows: "And in conclusion, the Gideon League, in regularly and duly constituted convention assembled, speaking through its Committee and the lawfully empowered Chairman thereof, does here and now demand of the Chief Executive of the United States of America that he shall forthwith and unconditionally draw forth the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and, smiting mightily therewith on hip and thigh, proclaim and publish the absolute freedom of every slave within our borders and immediately convene Congress to assist in carrying out this sacred policy."

Lincoln: Mr. Chairman, how tall are you?

Chairman: Why, Mr. President, I—I— do not quite understand—I—I am about five feet ten.

Lincoln: When I was fifteen years old, I was tall enough to lick salt off the top of your head.

Chairman: Well, Mr. President, with your—with your permission, I shall leave the copy of this address with you and retire with my duly constituted Committee.

Lincoln: Yes, Mr. Chairman, after you have heard and absorbed

the report or appeal of the President of the United States, made to you and to your Committee and to your Gideon League and to all who run on eager feet. Once upon a time a good and great lady, quoting a brilliant philosopher, said this to me: "In the design of God, time appears an element of truth; yet to demand from a single day the definite truth, is to ask of Nature more than she can afford. Impatience creates illusions and ruins in the place of truth; deceptions are but truths plucked ere they are ripe." Gentlemen, the man does not live in these United States who wishes more than I do for an Aladdin's lamp in the midst of these things. But we must not confound our antipathies with our immediate duties. Slavery came to and found lodgment in this country by the acts of men, communities and governments stretching from Plymouth Rock to the Rio Grande. It was recognized by statute in Massachusetts in 1641. It was thus recognized in Connecticut in 1650. It was likewise recognized in Virginia in 1661. Massachusetts and Connecticut, in point of time, led all the other colonies in formal, statutory recognition of the thrice-cursed institution. It was common to all the colonies and original states. It is the left-over evil of days when men spoke of things institutional on this side of the Atlantic as "plantations." It is a plantation-evil carried along and crystallized into the sphinx-riddle of a commonwealth. It was a dying thing throughout this Nation, and Eli Whitney's cotton gin brought it back to life and made drunk with dreams of power and empire the men whose blood and race were the same as yours and mine. Eli Whitney lightened the labors of millions of cotton-seeding fingers, but he fastened millions of shackles with rivets of unbreakable steel. Some philosopher somewhere says that there is no absolute good and no absolute evil—all things are relative. I pray God that this cotton gin be not an engine of war! I like to handle all thoughts by bounding them north and bounding them south and bounding them east and bounding them west. I abominate slavery! I was born on the fringe of the South of stock out of New England transfused into and through Virginia. I hate slavery, but I do not hate the slave-owner. This Union cannot always remain half slave and half free, and this Union is going to remain unbroken to play its part in the future of this old world of ours. You appeal to me to decree the abolishment of slavery. That I cannot do. My antipathies do not confer powers upon me. Gentlemen, read the Constitution of the United States and read the sad, sombre, part of it, as well as the parts that carry hope and promise to mankind. Read therein these three things: First, the distressing recognition of slavery where it now exists; second, the power of Congress to keep it out of the Territories; and, third, the right and duty of the Government of the Union to preserve its own existence. And then, gentlemen, read everywhere in history the great truth that a confined, circumscribed, non-expanding man dies, and a confined, circumscribed, non-expanding institution also dies. Your impatience tells me that your hearts are sound.

But that impatience, transferred to the President of the United States, would destroy this Union. This Union shall remain!

Hay: Mr. President, the Peace Committee from the Submission League is waiting, and their hour of appointment has long passed. May I have your permission to ask the Emancipation Committee of the Gideon League to retire?

This committee begins retiring.

Lincoln: Goodbye, gentlemen, and God be with us all while we watch and wait!

The Peace Committee of the Submission League enters.

Chairman: Mr. President, we beg your pardon—

Lincoln: I beg your pardon for keeping you so long. On yesterday I received a copy of your memorial to the President, urging something closely akin to peace at any price. I read it carefully. As I understand it, you are here today to urge the points of that memorial.

Chairman: We hope and believe that the memorial sufficiently urges and clarifies its own points. We are here only for some answering expression from you as the Chief Executive, and we wish to say one thing more before we receive your answer. This, Mr. President, is what our great organization says: It is not a nation or a civilization that is on trial at this hour when men are burnishing their arms and buckling on their armor. It is the Golden Rule that is on trial! Jesus of Nazareth said: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." He made no exceptions; he added no qualifications; he left his followers to close their eyes and follow that rule. Standing upon this foundation, Mr. President, and asking that this Golden Rule may influence you in making some statement that will insure and make certain the cause of blessed peace, we are here to listen respectfully to your answer.

Lincoln: Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Peace Committee of the Submission League, the Union of these States is something sacred, and upon it depends the weal of all mankind in times to come. Its structure is a holy temple. To break or remove the parts of this structure is to despoil this temple. Once, as Matthew, Mark, Luke and John tell us, this Jesus of Nazareth made unto himself a whip of cords and therewith drove forth the despoilers of his Father's temple. While he made the whip of cords and lashed the despoilers, perhaps the words of his Golden Rule came trooping across his mind and memory. We only have the record of his enunciation of this rule and the record of his scourging of the despoilers of the temple. But to these two seeming antagonisms, may we not add something of righteousness that the Nazarene might approve and something of exactness that Euclid might accept? Let us see. Inasmuch as no righteous man could object to being himself scourged forth, if he, supposedly for the moment, were a despoiler of the temple; and inasmuch as this mental attitude of a righteous man actually creates in him a wish to

be himself scourged forth; therefore the terms of the Golden Rule are literally complied with when a righteous man makes his whip of cords and drives out despoilers. In other words, a righteous scourger scourges because, animated by his righteousness, he would wish to be scourged if he were doing the thing that the scourged is doing. Doing unto others what you would have them do unto you must embrace all necessary acts towards others that prevent others from doing a wrong that you yourself would feel you ought to be prevented from committing. Thus the scheme of the Golden Rule is carried out. So, gentlemen, if Mr. Toombs of Georgia, or Mr. Davis of Mississippi, or Mr. Yancey of Alabama, enters our temple and actually begins to despoil it, we shall say to him: "Mr. Despoiler, if we could suppose ourselves doing what you are doing, we, in an impulse of Golden-Rule righteousness, would want somebody (you, if you would!) to stop us, if need be, with a scourge. So we are going to do to you what we would wish you, or somebody else, to do to us in these circumstances. Therefore, Mr. Despoiler, we are practicing the Golden Rule on you." If ever the international lion and lamb lie down together—and some day they will!—the principle of a righteous, co-operative determination of what is right must lie at the bottom of the dispensation, and, sustaining it always, there must be a co-operative whip made of cords, representing all the enlightened nations of the world.

The committee retires.

Hay: A delegation that shows great impatience is waiting to see you, Mr. President, and their business seems urgent.

Lincoln: Hay, please see that the committees from the Gideon League and the Submission League don't fall afoul of one another and do a tomcat and dove act in the White House grounds. Also find out if the impatient delegation that you mention bears the trifling tidings of the attack on Fort Sumpter or the transcendent tidings of a battle to the death over the postmastership at Pollyville, Pinfeather County, Kansas.

Scene VIII.

THE COMMANDER

Lincoln *is in the library of the White House in April, 1863. The Army of the Potomac, now under General Hooker, has scarcely recovered from the crushing blow delivered by the Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, at Fredericksburg. The Federal and Confederate armies are moving for place and position in the next great battle. The cause of the Union hangs in a delicate balance.* Hay *is now a colonel and is in uniform.* Lincoln *is alone with* Hay *and another army officer. The meeting is one where an atmosphere of tense secrecy and painful solicitude prevails.*

Lincoln: And Hooker says that his army is the finest on the planet.

He also says that we ought to have a dictator in Washington. Successful generals are the very best raw materials from which dictators are made. If Hooker will only hand the people of the Union a victory, I will risk the dictatorship. These two great armies are stalking one another and the issue is on the knees—of—of—

Hay: The gods?

Lincoln: No; God! and so we bear up and take heart.

Officer: Mr. President, the two armies, as you say, are now stalking one another. The situation is tense. These dispatches *(pointing to them)* show how important it is to guard against the slightest word of information passing from our lines to the enemy. The fate of our cause may be decided by only one sentence from our military papers, or the tracing of one blind road on our maps, getting to the hundreds of Confederate spies that dog our movements and infest our camps.

Lincoln: Is this the preliminary of asking me to shoot or hang somebody at sunrise? On these April mornings the sunrise is too beautiful to be used for the purpose of shooting or hanging somebody.

Officer: No, Mr. President, things are too critical to wait for the rising of the sun, after the drum-head court delivers its decree. We move quickly, and, if a bloodstain marks a mistake here and there, we forget it and remember only that Mars does not weigh out his measures in golden scales. Our spies ply the Confederate lines and theirs ply ours. A battle of wits precedes the physical struggle that is imminent. Few, if any, of the Confederate spies come to your attention as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. But, Mr. President, by some strange influence that I do not understand and that is only known to a high commanding officer now in the field, a case of a Confederate spy is ready and waiting for your consideration. The captured spy is to come before you. It is an extraordinary proceeding. Orders from above control me. Some unseen influence secured this hearing for this boy.

Lincoln: Is he a boy?

Officer: Now, Mr. President, let me beg of you, sir, to look at his case as if he were a bearded man. He is guilty! thrice guilty! There can be no doubt of this. It is as certain as that two and two make four. The papers captured on him within our lines would reveal enough to General Lee and General Jackson to crush our cause and place Washington in the hands of the Richmond administration. I beg of you—the Army of the Potomac begs of you!—to do justice and send this Confederate spy to his death. If you do not, Mr. President, a link in our chain of military law is broken. That chain is helping to hold together our stricken Union. Mr. President, the Union appeals to you!

Lincoln (musing): And the Union appeals to me? In the Army they are beginning to understand my psychology. And *(to the officer)* the appeal is not in vain. As far as I can, I promise! I shall fix stern justice

before my eyes and remember your military chain that holds together this stricken Union—yes, Union! If a thing is done quickly while the stoniness is in my heart—and the Union!—I am very unrelenting. A great philosopher said that the three hardest things in the world were steel, a diamond and to know one's self. I promise to be a thing of diamond-pointed steel in such a case as this and to know myself well enough to save our holy cause from myself. Where is the culprit? Let this thing be got over at once!

Officer: He is under guard in the hall. With your leave, Mr. President, I shall have him brought to you here.

Lincoln: Yes, I am ready.

The officer has the guard bring in the Confederate soldier. He is a young fellow about twenty years old. His left arm is in a bloodstained sling. His eyes are blue and his hair light. He has the bearing of a soldier and a gentleman.

Officer: Mr. President, this is the spy that a strange influence sent before Your Excellency pleading for clemency.

Soldier: I am not seeking clemency. I am not guilty of being a spy. But, if my commanding officer had sent me out as one, I would have played the game to the end of the string. I did not ask to come here. I was sent here, Mr. President, by somebody's request or demand. I do not understand it all. I have nothing to beg for. I have nothing to say, but that I am not guilty of this charge. I am ready to go now and be hung or shot, but I am not ready to beg or to whimper.

Lincoln: Boy, how old are—

Officer: Mr. President! Mr. President! the man asks for nothing, and so, under military law, his case is closed and the judgment of the court stands for immediate execution.

Lincoln: Yes, the judgment stands and our military chain around the Union must remain unbroken—yes, unbroken! But, boy, tell how this thing of the papers being on you in our lines came about. You had the papers and you were in the Federal lines. Those papers in the hands of your commander spelt ruin for the Army of the Potomac.

Soldier: Mr. President, the story is a short and simple one. I am going to stretch hemp or look down the barrels of a dozen firing-squad rifles before this day is over. Nothing can save me, and I know it. Again I say that I am not begging anybody for anything. Those papers came into my hands by reason of the fact that I captured them. I am a Confederate cavalryman. With a body of cavalry—a small body—I was sent to raid and cut your communications. We worked far to your rear and lost all contact with our own forces. We fought day and night. We foraged on your captured and burning supply trains. We were the seeing eyes and the destroying arms of our army. Our dead, buried on our venturesome road to the isolation of your rear, left us too weak to complete our

plans. We were not spies. We were raiders. At dawn one day, we spurred our tired mounts at the pickets around one of your brigade headquarters. We drove the pickets in and captured the headquarters. I seized a haversack filled with papers and strapped it to my back. Your cavalry rallied in overpowering numbers and our tired men and horses were swept away. I was wounded here in the shoulder. Scarcely a man of my troop escaped. I lost a great deal of blood and was very weak. I lay concealed beneath the hay in a great barn of a plantation home. An old negro—God bless him!—brought me food and water at night. My wound was stiffening my left arm. I was determined to escape if possible. The Federal lines were drawn tightly around my hiding place and the plantation home was their corps headquarters. The old negro begged me to wear a long, blue cloak, and, in this, to make a break for liberty. I wore this blue cloak, and, seizing the horse of one of your troopers, I made the effort on a dark and misty night. The horse stumbled in the road as I, lying low in the saddle to escape your fire, dashed by your outposts. I was captured. Thus I am here. The haversack of papers was strapped to my back. I captured them in fair combat. I was escaping from your lines by the only means open to me. Technically, they tell me, I was a spy for wearing even a blue cloak for a moment within your lines. That may be, but I did not spy out or spyingly get those papers. I fought for them and won them. That is my story. All that I say is true.

Officer: Mr. President, thus runs the plausible story of them all. The blue cloak was to simulate our uniform. He wore this cloak, bore upon his person these vital papers, and was in our lines. These three points he admits. He is speaking in self-defense. Thus we may expect defensive fables. These things are common in the service. Stern measures with enemy spies in these crucial times must be maintained or a leaking secret will bring destruction upon the Union—the Union! Mr. President!

Lincoln: Yes, yes, the Union! the Union!

Officer: Will you endorse your refusal to interfere upon the written charge and specifications?

Lincoln: Yes, this soldier must die. I will stand firm as frozen stone this time. The Union must survive—quick about finishing this business, please!

Officer: This is the copy of the charge and specifications on which you are to sign, Mr. President *(giving the paper to* LINCOLN).

Lincoln (reading and remaining silent—dropping the paper—looking up sadly and speaking slowly): Boy, your name is Edward Rutledge, and you are from Carolina?

Soldier: Yes, Mr. President.

Lincoln: How's Cynthia?

Soldier: How's Cynthia?

Lincoln: Yes, boy, how's Cynthia?

Soldier: Mr. President, I don't understand. The only Cynthia that I know is my sister Anne's blessed old mammy. She is a wonderful old black woman. She lives with Sister Anne, who has never married and who still bears our name of Rutledge. But how can all this apply to my cause here?

Lincoln: And, boy, where is your sister Anne?

Soldier: She is nursing the Confederate wounded at St. Andrew's Hospital at Richmond, and Mammy Cynthia is with her.

Lincoln (abstractedly): I wonder—wonder—if this Anne from Carolina held true to type and showed the blue sky in her eyes and the color of the waving, golden prairie-wheat in her hair!

Soldier: Mr. President, I still do not understand, but my sister Anne was, and still is, a very beautiful woman, and her eyes are blue, and, where a very few threads of silver have not come, her hair is golden.

Lincoln: Is your father, Mr. Edward Rutledge, living?

Soldier: No, Mr. President, he was killed in action before the City of Mexico in storming Chapultepec.

Lincoln: Did Cynthia ever tell you of the Spaniard that held her captive and of how your father and others rescued her at New Orleans?

Soldier: Yes, Mr. President, even now Sister Anne makes her tell the story of how a great giant from the far-away settlements raised this Spaniard above his head, and threw him across the old French canal and through the window of a shop on the other side.

LINCOLN, *burying his face in his hands, laughs softly and heartily. Then he looks up.*

Lincoln: Well, boy, it isn't written among the stars anywhere that you could or would lie. It isn't in your breed. Your version of this spy business is correct. I disapprove the finding of the court martial and order that you be held as an honorable prisoner of war until duly and properly exchanged.

SCENE IX.

THE STRUGGLE

LINCOLN'S *own private room at the White House. It is midnight and the battle of Chancellorsville is raging within sixty miles of Washington. Dispatches show the Federal Army staggering, and almost broken by Lee and Jackson. Deep depression marks this darkest hour of the struggle for the Union.* LINCOLN *paces back and forth in the lonely silence of his chamber. Only a dim light is in the room.* COLONEL HAY *enters.*

Lincoln: Dispatches! dispatches! Hay?

Hay: Yes, Mr. President, dispatches that say our line at Chancellorsville wavers, and again that it breaks, and still again that it re-forms

and holds, and once more that it falls back and again rallies and stands almost buried in its own wreckage, until it yields and crumbles as the red tide of disaster comes on. Shall I read all of the dark dispatches to you *(holding them in his hand)?*

Lincoln: No! No! Hay. Just sit there and let me alone while I pace this floor. My heart is deeply stricken tonight. I want the dawn to come, and yet I am afraid of that that the dawn may bring to my country. Hay, you are young and I am somewhat old, but you understand me. You pardon me—I know you do—for sometimes playing the unpresidential role of Mark Tapley. Mark, you know, could never find a situation where his optimism would not pervade him and his surroundings. At last he and Martin Chuzzlewit came to that place Eden, away up a muddy, remote, subtropical, fever-haunted, death-stricken river, where they were cast ashore in a swamp to find their building lot and construct their abode. Martin came down with the fever. The few settlers died in their huts. Martin and Mark were penniless, and the steamboat was not to crawl that way again for three months. One night, this optimist, Mark Tapley, stood on the black-slime bank of the rotting river and, looking up at the sickly, sodden moon, struck his breast and thus spoke to himself: "Now, Mr. Tapley, just you attend to what I've got to say. Things is looking as bad as they can look, young man. You'll not have such another opportunity for showing your jolly disposition, my fine fellow, as long as you live. And therefore, Tapley, now's your time to come out strong; or never!" Ah, John Hay, you do forgive Abraham Lincoln for making this one, lonely, last, lingering pull at his old well—now seemingly going dry—to cheer his spirit and yours?

Hay: Yes, Mr. President, I understand! I understand!

Lincoln: I know you do, Hay, and I want you to help me. You are a man of books and much learning. Do you remember old Weem's Life of George Washington, and that place in the book where there's a picture of Washington, down by the creek at Valley Forge upon his knees in the snow, praying God to come down into that frozen, starved, sickened, blood-soaked valley of disaster and open a road through the ice-barrier of hopelessness to some even chance for the salvation of American liberty?

Hay: Yes, Mr. Lincoln, that picture and its story were an inspiration to my boyhood.

Lincoln: That was a brave old prayer of a brave old heart out there in the snow, with odds of a hundred to one against its cause. I read that Weems book once down by a creek on a snowy day in Illinois, and I couldn't help practicing the snow-prayer end of it when nobody was looking and I saw a fine snow-cushion right in front of me with a fallen sapling for a chancel rail. Hay, that prayer of Washington in the snow of despair is to me a never-ending source of study and speculation. Sometimes my mental picture of it is one of tenderness. Sometimes it is one of that an-

cient sacrifice, a broken and a contrite heart. And sometimes it is the rough picture of the backwoodsman, who, meeting an angry and advancing bear, prayed for help, and, when his prayer did not seem to be bringing immediate results, cried out bravely: "Oh Lord, if you won't help me, please don't help the bear, and stand aside, and you'll see the damnedest bear-fight that ever took place west of Cumberland Gap."

Hay: That indomitable spirit of courage in the backwoodsman *was* the answer to his prayer, Mr. Lincoln, if I be not mistaken.

Lincoln: That's it, Hay, that's it! Answers don't always come labeled. But they are answers, just the same. Things that are labeled lose something of their fineness. Washington got his answer to the snow-prayer by that Something that answers prayer creating in him the nameless, unlabeled spirit of fortitude that carried him through to Yorktown.

Hay: Mr. President, things transpiring this night call for prayers. Let those prayers be that this Something that answers prayers will give to the Army of the Potomac that unlabeled thing that the bear-fighting backwoodsman had.

Lincoln: Hay, I shall not go near my bed tonight. I may catch an hour of sleep in this big chair. Go and get what sleep you can. Don't let them come in upon me unless the news is vastly important and demands action of some sort by the President. As you go out, won't you ask that Irish soldier, the orderly, to come in for a moment?

HAY *retires and* PAT, *the orderly, comes in.* LINCOLN *is slowly pacing the floor.*

Pat (at attention and saluting): An' sor, Oi'm ready.

Lincoln: Pat, have them bring my coffee at daybreak. Keep everybody away tonight except Colonel Hay. If I need you, I shall pull that cord that rings the bell on the landing. Good night, Pat!

Pat: Goodnight, Mist'rr Prisidint, an' ahrl the saints guard an' bliss ye!

PAT *goes out.* LINCOLN *is alone pacing the floor. He goes to a bookcase and, taking out a book, moves near the dim light. He opens the book.*

Lincoln: Weems—old Weems!

He puts the book down and, with his hands folded behind him and his head bent, he continues to pace the floor.

Lincoln (continuing): Yes, the ice was thick in the Delaware River, and he only got across in the darkness with about twenty-five hundred men. Then he struck like an eagle. He must have been hiding out somewhere praying. And again they thought that they had trapped him in the angle between the Delaware and the Assunpink, and their couriers went out with the glad news that the trap would be sprung without fail at daylight. But, at the very crack of dawn, his guns sounded miles in their rear. Ah, George Washington was a praying bear-fighter. It is three

o'clock *(looking at the clock on the mantel)* and I ought to sleep for an hour, if I can, in this great chair.

He lies down wearily in the armchair and, stretching out, throws a large handkerchief over his face. All is still for a moment. Then everything goes dark. In a moment, dimly light again. The slumbering LINCOLN *(by means of an identical figure) is in the chair with the handkerchief over his face. A standing* LINCOLN *is gazing at the wall where a panel or door has opened, revealing, in mystic lights and forms, Washington down on his knees in the snow by the creek at Valley Forge. The mystic lights pervade everything—the waking and the sleeping* LINCOLN. *The standing form stretches out his hand and slowly advances toward the vision. Not a word is spoken. Then everything goes dark again, and, in a moment, light once more. There is* LINCOLN *asleep in the chair. He stirs. He draws the handkerchief away. He sits up and strains his eyes looking toward the place in the wall where the vision—now entirely gone —appeared. He gets up and goes over to the place and inspects it. Then he begins pacing to and fro. He stops and is lost in meditation. He goes to the cord that rings the bell for the orderly. He hesitates and then rings. The orderly comes in, and, standing at attention, salutes as usual.*

Pat: Mist'rr Prisidint, Oi'm ready.

Lincoln: Pat, it's a pretty warm night outside, isn't it?

Pat: An' Mist'rr Prisidint, the month o' May is about forestallin' the month o' August.

Lincoln: And, Pat, could you get me a big bucket or basket of snow?

Pat (disturbed): Howly Hivins swallow me oop! an' be ye crackin' a prisidintial joke betwain three an' four in the marrnin'?

Lincoln: No, Pat, not exactly. But I wish you would bring me a basket or bucket of shaved ice. They keep ice that comes for the hospitals off the New England schooners in the cellar of the White House.

Pat (mumbling as he retires): Brain faever, I be thinkin', comes from hot wither an' warr news.

LINCOLN *continues pacing the floor. He goes to the door of a closet and, opening it, leaves it open. He resumes his pacing to and fro. The orderly returns with a bucket of shaved ice and places it on the floor near Lincoln.*

Pat (at attention and saluting): Mist'rr Prisidint, Oi'm ready.

Lincoln: Pat, you are back in a hurry.

Pat: Yis, Mist'rr Prisidint, Oi foun' a chunk o' ice as big as a barrel an' Oi shaved it with a drawin' knife.

Lincoln: Thank you, Pat, take your post on the landing, and, if I need you, I shall ring.

PAT *goes out.* LINCOLN *takes two more turns up and down the room. He lifts the bucket of shaved ice and hesitates. He takes it to the*

closet door and hesitates again. He listens intently. Then, carrying the bucket of ice, he quickly enters the closet and closes the door. The stage is empty and silent for a moment. Then PAT *excitedly rushes into the room.* HAY *closely follows the orderly and carries a dispatch in his hand.*

Hay: Pat, where is the President?

Pat: An' faith, sor, he be sendin' me for a bucket o' snow or shaved ice, an' whin Oi brought it, thanked me an' that's all Oi be knowin'.

Hay: Snow or shaved ice?

Pat: Yis, sor, first snow an' thin, whin no snow, some shaved ice.

Hay (slowly and thoughtfully): Snow? Yes—snow! Pat, I'll call you if I need you.

PAT *leaves the room.* HAY *stands listening. Then he goes softly to the closet door and listens again.*

Hay (continuing): Valley Forge and the snow!

HAY *then places the dispatch on* LINCOLN'S *table, arranged so that it will be seen at once, and softly retires. In a moment* LINCOLN *emerges from the closet and his knees are wet. He advances to the table and finds the dispatch.*

Lincoln (reading the dispatch aloud):—

President Lincoln, Washington. As the enemy continued his irresistible advances against us at midnight, General Stonewall Jackson fell mortally wounded under the fire of his own men delivered by mistake. Joseph Hooker, Commanding General Army of the Potomac.

LINCOLN *advances to the window, and, throwing aside the great curtains, the dawn streams in. He stands thoughtfully looking out into the White House grounds.*

Lincoln (quoting Whittier):

> God works in all things; all obey
> His first propulsion from the night:
> Wake thou and watch!—the world is gray with morning light.

SCENE X.

THE VICTORY

LINCOLN, *on his visit to Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy, two days after its evacuation, is standing near the equestrian statue of Washington, with the view across the James toward the South showing.* COLONEL HAY *is with him. The presence of* LINCOLN *in the city is unknown. He is wearing a great gray shawl and a soft black hat. He keeps apart from the few people who seem to be abroad in the stricken and partially deserted city.*

Hay: And, Mr. President, the great struggle is over, and government of the people for the people and by the people has not perished from the earth.

Lincoln: Yes, Hay, we may say that *this* great struggle is over,

but one struggle in the life of a people follows another, so that there is little or no rest for the weary.

Hay: Do you mean Johnston's Confederate army in Carolina?

Lincoln: No, that will surrender soon. Its days are few. But the other struggle that I am talking about is that of avarice and plunder and revenge, in our own house, meeting prejudice and blindness and blood-crime in the house of the crushed and defeated. It is the bitter, sullen and inflamed South, confronted by the wrong sort of politicians from our side, that we must contend with. We used the Golden Rule upon the South in making a whip of cords and keeping it from despoiling the temple of the Union. Now then, Hay, how high is going to be the gallows on which our own politicians will hang me, or how cruel the cross on which they will crucify me, when I journey from Jerusalem to Jericho and find a fellow in a ragged, gray uniform, wounded, misguided, forlorn, and, binding up his wounds, bring him on our national beast to the inn of his fathers and our fathers? Hay! Hay! what are my own politicians going to do to me, if I send out and have even the littlest, meanest, thinnest and measliest calf killed for our Southern son that was dead and is alive again and was lost and is found? And Hay! Hay! what are the bitter, selfish and understanding-less politicians at the South going to do to my groping hand held out to their stricken States?

Hay: Possibly all unite and boil you in oil, Mr. President. But their children will build your tomb.

Lincoln: I meant what I said, when I told the people of the North, as well as of the South, that, if God willed it, the war should go on until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's centuries of toil should be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash should be paid for by another drawn by the sword. Yet, Hay, I also meant what I said, when I told the Southern people that we were not enemies but friends; that we must not be enemies; that though passion may strain, it must not break the bonds of affection; and that the mystic chords of our common memory should swell the chorus of the Union when touched by the better angels of our nature.

Hay: Mr. President, you may be able—I say *may* be able—to throw against the background of an inexorable war of justice the color scheme of kindly love and mystic sympathy, and save the harmonious picture from the iconoclasm of the Northern and the Southern politicians. If anybody on God's earth can do this, Mr. Lincoln, you can. They say that the right sort of a man is one who can walk in life's procession, and yet sit in a reserved seat and see himself go by. This you can do, Mr. President, because the New Englander in you can sit on Plymouth Rock and see the Virginian in you going South, and the Virginian in you can sit at Cumberland Gap and see the Kentuckian in you going West, and the Kentuckian in you can sit on the banks of the Ohio and see the Illinoisian in you trecking toward the prairies and the setting sun.

Lincoln: Transfusion?

Hay: Yes, transfusion.

Lincoln: You have heard the story of how I licked Jack Armstrong at Clary's Grove in fair fight unto his own good, and how Jack realized that the fight was fair and the licking good for him, and in after life gave to me all the warmth of his big heart and support of his strong hand. My God! Hay, when they have done with me and have planted my old, rattling bones on the golden prairie beneath the blue sky, the thing I want most of all is this: That a great delegation of prosperous Johnny Rebs, from the lands that lie between the Potomac and the Rio Grande, shall come out to my grave and plant on it a plain slab of Georgia marble upon which shall be graven these words: "Damn his eyes!—he made Jack Armstrongs of us all."

Hay (turning quickly): But, just a moment, Mr. President, here comes something that the Calif Haroun Al-Raschid Lincoln and his Grand Vizier Hay do not find every night in every American Bagdad. It looks to me like a real black mammy.

A typical negro mammy, walking just a little bent and using a gold-headed cane, comes and is about to pass LINCOLN *and* HAY, *dropping a curtsy as she passes.*

Lincoln: Good morning, my good woman, and it's a fine April day, if it doesn't rain and nothing happens.

Mammy: Sarvan' Marsters! It ain' gwine t' rain, an' Ah prays Gawd dat nothin' mo is gwine t' happ'n dan is happ'n'd.

Lincoln: Do you know places and how to find them in this city?

Mammy: Yas, sur, Ah been here nigh onto fo' years.

Lincoln: Can you tell me where St. Andrew's Hospital is, and how to go there?

Mammy: Kin Ah tell yer? Kin Ah tell yer? Well, Ah 'spec' Ah kin. Ah been livin' dar all de time takin' kere my chile, Miss Anne, dat work herse'f t' de bone night an' day nursin' de wounded soldiers fum de battlefields.

Lincoln (shading his eyes and looking at Mammy): Your child, *Miss Anne?*

Mammy: Yas, sur, an' she de blessedess chile on de top side o' dis here worl'.

Lincoln: And has your child eyes that are blue like the sky over the prairie and hair that is yellow like the waving wheat?

Mammy: Ah ain' know nuthin' 'bout no prairie an' no wheat, but dis Ah know, dat de blue eyes o' my chile is bluer dan de deepes' blue o' de mornin' glory, an' her hair is lak de yaller gold tassels o' de corn. 'Cep'in' she worry an' work so much wid de soldiers, an' a few stran's o' silver is mixin' wid de corn tassels on her blessed haid. 'Tain't 'cause she gittin' ole—nor sur!—she ain' never gwine t' git ole—Miss Anne ain't—an' in de

en' de good Lawd is gwine t' ketch her up t' de heab'ns in er lovely chariot wid sunflowers fer wheels an' mockin' birds fer horses an' jasmine vines fer harness.

Lincoln: Will you kindly tell us how to reach St. Andrew's Hospital?

Mammy: Yas, sur, Ah tells yer, an' Ah would be dar right now 'cep'in' Miss Anne, my chile, done gone wid de hospital part o' de 'Federate Gov'mint t' de far South, an' Ah is jes' livin' here, till she sen' fer me, wid one o' her ole friends, Madame Duchesne, who saved Miss Anne's brudder fum bein' kilt fer a spy by de Yankees.

Lincoln: Never mind, we have changed our plans and won't go to St. Andrew's Hospital, Cynthia.

Mammy: Fo' de Lawd's sake! an' how kum yer know my name?

Lincoln: Cynthia, don't you remember the Spaniard and the backwoodsman in New Orleans?

Mammy: Does Ah 'member dat Spaniola? Ef Ah could git m' han's on him now, I'd buss Mars Edward's cane on his haid. Does Ah 'member dat great, big, young gen'man fum up de long ribber dat stood more'n eight foot tall an' dat tuk dat Spaniola an' trow'd him clar 'cross de Mississippi ribber *(demonstrating with uplifted arms and a gigantic effort)*—yas, jus' lak dat!

Lincoln (pointing to HAY): Well, Cynthia, *there* is that Spaniard.

Mammy (grasping her cane and threateningly starting toward HAY *who retreats in high amusement shared by* LINCOLN): Ah buss Mars' Edward's cane on yo' haid! Mars' Edward gimme dis here cane, 'fo' he went 'way an' got kilt in de Mexican war, an' he tole me never t' break it 'cep'n Ah break it on dat Spaniola's haid. Now, is you dat Spaniola? *Is* yer?

Hay (laughing with LINCOLN): No! no! dear Cynthia. Put on your specs and look at me. I am only a *young* man, and your Spaniard, by this time, if he is living, must be sixty or seventy years old.

Mammy (relenting): Dat's so. Ah broke my specs an' Ah 'low as how you gen'mens is jes' projekin' wid ole Cynthia.

Lincoln: Hay, let me speak with Cynthia alone, please.

Hay: Goodbye, Cynthia, if I ever meet your Spaniard, I'll get the giant from the settlements that threw him across the Mississippi to toss him across the Gulf of Mexico.

Mammy: Goo'bye, Marster, an' de good Lawd go wid yer!

HAY *leaves* LINCOLN *and* CYNTHIA *alone.*

Lincoln: Cynthia, I trust you with a great secret *(going close to her and bending over to whisper something in her ear).*

Mammy (sinking on her knees while LINCOLN *departs hurriedly):* Massa Lincum! Massa Lincum! an' now de sweet chariot gwine t' swing low t' ketch up de child'en o' de covenant t' de promise lan' whar dey eat an' never git hongry an' drink an' never git thirsty. Massa Lincum! Massa Lincum!

Scene XI.

THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

It is the night of March 3, 1869. The place is LINCOLN'S *private room at the White House. The whole scene is overcast by a strange and filmy light, or half-light, that makes it unreal and throws it into the realm of fancy and imagination. On the next day* LINCOLN'S *second term ends and he is returning to private life. He is going back to the blue sky bending down over the golden wheat on the prairies, as the "sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill."* LINCOLN *is seated at his desk arranging papers incident to his departure from high official life.* HAY *comes softly in. Voices and other sounds are muffled and subdued in harmony with the unreality of the whole situation. Yet the moods and dispositions of* LINCOLN *and* HAY *are unchanged.*

Lincoln: Why, Hay, I'm glad you are back from Virginia. How are things among the Southern Governors at Richmond?

Hay: Their convention is inspired with the spirit that you bore with you and gave out everywhere, and the returns that the people gave to you, on your trip during the winter through the South.

Lincoln: Yes, in giving that spirit and what goes with it and in receiving the returns, I have literally had to walk barefooted on the burning plowshares of partyism and postmasterism. In my own party, restrained plunderism has sought to break the bonds of its restraint and march upon me as professional flagism. In the opposition party, blind hatred has assailed me to form a foundation for partisan solidarity. At times a voracious lion has stalked me from the North and a wounded, but vicious, tiger has lain in wait for me in the South. There have been times when my own politicians cursed me for killing the flea-bittenest calf in our pasture for the Southern prodigal, and the politicians below the Potomac feared and distrusted me bearing a gift of veal. That day at Richmond, in April, 1865, when you and I talked about this struggle, we didn't think that it could be won. But it has been won! Results came rapidly this winter, and both sections of our country seemed to awaken and understand and come together and clasp hands. *Refraternization* as against *Reconstruction* is the dominant idea. But, Hay, tell me about the convention of Southern Governors that you have been with in Richmond for the last three days.

Hay: I was entertained by Governor Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, and his other guests were Governor Zeb Vance, of North Carolina, and Governor Wade Hampton, of South Carolina.

Lincoln (brightening in his old way): And were you thrown intimately and simultaneously with the Governor of North Carolina and the Governor of South Carolina?

Hay: Yes, quite often.

Lincoln: Then, good friend, in the name of human speculation and mortal argumentation, what *did* the Governor of North Carolina say to the Governor of South Carolina.

Hay: They were disputing about whether Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina or South Carolina, and finally Zeb Vance, the Governor of North Carolina, said to Wade Hampton, the Governor of South Carolina: "Well, Wade, take your damned old Jackson and keep him, for we Tar Heels have found out that Abraham Lincoln's mother was born in North Carolina, and so we'll quit arguing and go in the dining room where Fitz Lee is standing at the sideboard making signs to us."

Lincoln (softly laughing): I am glad to get a correct version of that affair.

Hay: I think, Mr. President, that a great era of good feeling has settled down upon us. You cannot escape the soft impeachment of responsibility for this. Your fight has been made and won, and so deep and strong are the foundations of your policy that no political change or pressure can affect them.

Lincoln: So, Hay, some of these days it is possible—isn't it?—that those old Rebs will bring to my prairie-grave the slab that shall bear the legend damning my eyes and accusing me of making Jack Armstrongs of them all.

Hay: You don't have to wait for a prairie-grave and a slab of Georgia marble, Mr. President. The convention adjourned at Richmond today to meet here in Washington tomorrow, where the eleven Governors will call upon you immediately after your successor is inaugurated and almost at the very moment when you return to private life. They have prepared and unanimously signed an official testimonial to you that expresses, as all men know, the true sentiments of their commonwealths. The very existence and, of course, the contents of this testimonial are to be known to the public only after this meeting with you tomorrow. Zeb Vance, Governor of North Carolina, wrote the testimonial and consulted me as to some of its expressions and phraseology. An old friend of yours, Madame Duchesne, was present and the testimonial does not lack a contribution from her ideals and her character. Mr. President, to one who has known you and worked with you and—let me say it!—loved you as I have these eight years, that testimonial is a thing of transcendent grace. Governor Vance, of course, allowed me to read it all. Its closing expression I know by heart. If I can keep the chokes out of my throat (LINCOLN *bends his head low over his desk),* I'll repeat it to you. These are its words: "And finally, Mr. Lincoln, be assured that, if we were not signing as eleven Governors of eleven Southern Commonwealths, we would surely sign as eleven Jack Armstrongs, voicing the sentiments of more than eleven million other Jack Armstrongs living between the Potomac and the Rio Grande, for—God bless and keep you!—you have made Jack Armstrongs of us all."

LINCOLN'S *head sinks and is buried upon his arm on the desk. Something like a sob shakes his great frame.*

THE END.

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